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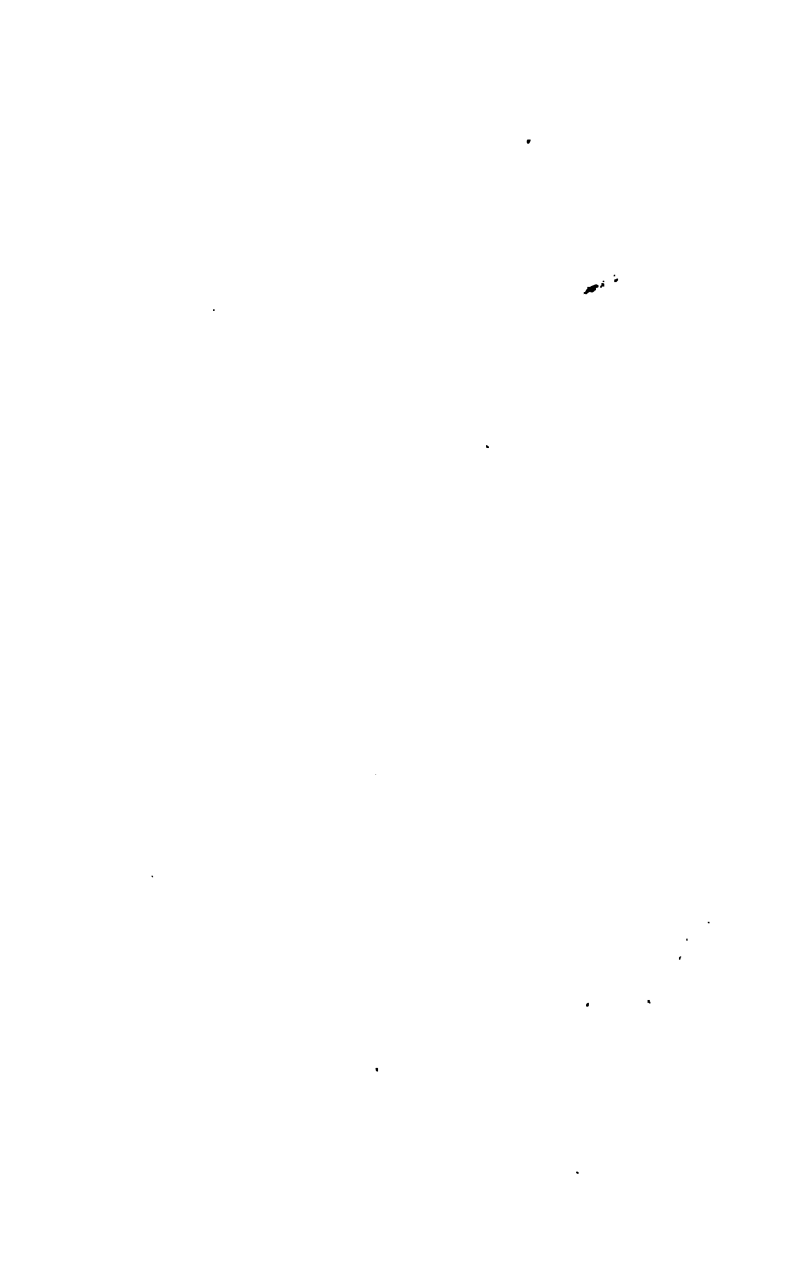
















*Butcher.*

*Bulley sculp.*

*Frontispiece, to Vol II.*

*See Page 260*

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED:

An Heroic Poem.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

*TORQUATO TASSO,*

By John Hoole.

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WITH TWO ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES. — VOL. II.

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1797.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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**THE** Christians make a solemn procession, and, with public prayers, implore the assistance of Heaven. The next morning a general assault is given to the city ; and numbers are slain on both sides. A breach is made in the wall ; Godfrey, preparing to enter first, is wounded by an arrow from Clorinda, and obliged to retire from the field. The day then seems to change in favour of the Pagans. Solyman and Argantes signalize themselves. In the meantime Godfrey, being conveyed to his tent, is miraculously healed by an angel. He returns to the walls, and renews the attack, till night puts an end to the battle.

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THE  
ELEVENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

---

THE Christian leader now, with care oppress'd,  
The near assault revolv'd within his breast :  
But while he hastes his vast machines to frame,  
Before his presence rev'rend Peter came.  
The hermit sage apart the hero took, 5  
And thus, sedate, with awful words bespoke :  
    You, mighty prince, terrestrial arms prepare ;  
But first another duty claims your care.  
To Heav'n your thoughts be turn'd, your vow be paid,  
And call the angels and the saints to aid. 10  
With public pray'rs their succour seek to gain,  
So may your arms the wish'd success obtain.  
Then let the priesthood in procession move,  
And humbly supplicate the pow'rs above.  
And you, O chiefs, the vulgar herd inspire, 15  
And kindle in their souls devotion's fire.

Severely thus the holy hermit said :  
Th'observant leader his advice obey'd.  
O servant, lov'd of Jesus! (he reply'd)  
Well pleas'd, I follow where thy counsels guide. 20  
While I the chieftains of the camp invite,  
Call thou the people's pastors to the rite,  
William and Ademar (a rev'rend pair)  
Thine be the sacred pomp, and thine the care!

Soon as th'ensuing morning's light arose, 25  
The hermit with the priests assembl'd goes,  
Where, in a vale, to worship sacred made,  
The Christians oft their pure devotions paid.  
Robes white as snow the priestly band enfold ;  
The pastors shone in mantles rich with gold, 30  
That hung divided on their breasts before ;  
And hallow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.

First, Peter leads, and waves aloft in air  
The sign which saints in Paradise revere :  
Next, in two ranks, with solemn steps and slow, 35  
The tuneful choir in lengthen'd order go :  
Then, side by side, the holy chiefs appear,  
William and Ademar, and close the rear :  
Next Godfrey comes, like one of high command,  
Alone, and foremost of his martial band. 40  
By two and two the field the leaders tread ;  
Then, sheath'd in arms, the warrior-host succeed.  
Thus from the trenches move the pious train,  
Sedate and silent stretching o'er the plain :  
Nor clang of arms, nor trumpet's sound is heard, 45  
*But holy hymns from humble hearts preferr'd.*

Thee, FATHER ! first, omnipotent, they sung ;  
Thee, SON ! co-equal, from the FATHER sprung :  
Thee, SPIRIT ! in whose influ'nce both combine :  
Thee, Virgin-Mother of the Man divine ! 59  
And you, ye leaders, who in Heav'n above  
Th'effulgent bands in triple circles move :  
And thee, whose hand baptiz'd th'incarnate God  
With the pure stream in Jordan's hallow'd flood.  
Thee, Peter, they invoke in songs of praise, 55  
The rock on which Heav'n fix'd his church to raise ;  
Where now thy great descendant holds the place,  
T'unclose the gates of pardon and of grace :  
And all the nunciates of th'ethereal reign,  
Who testify'd the glorious death to man : 60  
With those, the martyrs for the truth, who stood  
To seal the precious doctrine with their blood :  
And those whose words or writings taught the way  
To the lost regions of eternal day :  
And her the damsel true, of Christ belov'd, 63  
Whose pious choice the better life approv'd :  
The virgins chaste, in lonely cells enclos'd,  
By mystic rites to Heav'n alone espous'd :  
With ev'ry other name in torments try'd,  
Whose zeal the nations and their kings defy'd ! 70  
Thus chanting hymns devout, the num'rous train,  
In ample circuit, mov'd along the plain :  
Their pensive march to Olivet they frame  
(Fruitful in olives, whence it bears the name ;  
Eastward it rises from the sacred town, 75  
A mount by fame thro' ev'ry region known)

So pass the tuneful bands with cadence sweet,  
 The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat ;  
 The winding caverns and the mountains high  
 A thousand echoes to the sounds reply. 80

Meantime, in wonder fix'd, the Pagan band  
 All hush'd and silent on the ramparts stand :  
 Struck with their solemn pace, their humble tone,  
 The pomp unusual, and the rites unknown.  
 But when their wonder ceas'd, th'ungodly crew 85  
 From impious tongues blaspheming curses threw.  
 With barb'rous shouts they shake the bulwarks round ;  
 The hills and vallies to the noise resound !  
 But not their course the Christian pow'rs refrain,  
 Nor cease their ritual or melodious strain. 90  
 Fearless they move, nor heed the clamours more  
 Than cries of birds loquacious on the shore.

Then on the summit of the hill they rear'd  
 A splendid altar, for the priest prepar'd ;  
 On either side, refulgent to behold, 95  
 A beamy lamp was plac'd of burnish'd gold !  
 There William now, in costlier robes array'd,  
 His rev'rend homage at the altar paid ;  
 There, with low voice, his humble suit prefers,  
 And supplicates with vows and holy pray'rs. 100  
 Devoutly hush'd the near assistants stand ;  
 With eyes intent behold the distant band :  
 But when complete the mystic rites were ceas'd,  
 The sacred Sire th'attending train dismiss'd,  
 And with his priestly hand the squadrons bless'd. }

The pious troops return (this duty o'er) 106  
And tread the path their feet had trod before ;  
Till, at the vale arriv'd, their ranks they broke,  
When to the tents his course the hero took.  
With smiles he parted from the vulgar band, 110  
But there the captains of his host detain'd  
To due repast ; and full before him plac'd  
Thoulouse's valiant earl with honours grac'd.  
The call of thirst and hunger now repress'd,  
The chief of chiefs his leaders thus address'd : 115

Soon as the morn ascends her early throne,  
Rise all in arms t'assault Judæa's town :  
Be that the day t'invalidate our impious foe,  
The present hours to needful tasks bestow.

This said, the chiefs depart : with trumpet's sound  
Th'obedient heralds send his mandates round ; 121  
And bid each ardent warrior rise to fight,  
Array'd in armour, with the dawning light.  
In diff'rent works the tedious day they waste,  
And various thoughts revolve in ev'ry breast, 125  
Till welcome night, that irksome care relieves,  
A grateful truce to mortal labour gives.

Aurora still with doubtful lustre gleams,  
Scarce has the dawn display'd her orient beams ;  
No stubborn ploughs the yielding furrows tear : 130  
No watchful shepherds to the meads repair ;  
Each bird secure, his peaceful slumber takes ;  
Nor hound nor horn the silent forest wakes :  
When now the trumpet's echoes rouse the morn,  
To arms ! to arms ! the vaulted skies return : 135



To arms! to arms! with universal cry,  
A hundred legions to the notes reply.  
First Godfrey rose, but now neglects to bear  
His pond'rous cuirass, oft approv'd in war :  
A slight defence the fearless hero chose, 140  
And o'er his limbs the lighter burthen throws ;  
Arm'd like the meanest of the martial name ;  
When aged Raymond to his presence came.  
Soon as he view'd the chief, his thoughts divin'd  
What deed the leader's secret soul design'd. 145  
Where is thy corslet's massy weight, he cry'd,  
Where all thy other arms of temper try'd ?  
What dost thou seek ? a private palm to gain,  
To scale the walls amongst the vulgar train ?  
Think not this task a gen'ral's sword demands : 150  
Such dangers leave to less important hands.  
Resume thy arms ; regard thy safety most,  
And save a life, the spirit of our host.  
He ceas'd. The gen'rous leader thus reply'd :  
When holy Urban girded to my side 155  
This sword in Clarimont ; when first 'twas giv'n  
To Godfrey's hand, to wage the wars of Heav'n,  
To God I vow'd my social arms to wield,  
A private warrior in the dang'rous field.  
Since I have ev'ry duty now display'd 160  
As fits a chief by whom the host is led,  
It next remains (with justice shalt thou own)  
To march in equal arms t'assault the town.  
Thus shall I keep the faith to Heav'n I gave :  
His hand shall lead me, and his pow'r shall save. 165

This said, his brethren soon th'example took ;  
Each knight of France his heavy arms forsook ;  
The other chiefs less cumb'rous harness chose,  
And boldly march'd on foot t'invade the foes.  
Alike prepar'd, the Pagan troops ascend 170  
Where tow'rds the north the crooked ramparts bend ;  
And where the west surveys the rising tow'rs,  
Of least defence against the hostile pow'rs :  
For, well secur'd on ev'ry part beside,  
The town th'attempts of all their host defy'd. 175  
Nor here alone the tyrant's watchful care  
Had plac'd the best and bravest of the war ;  
But, summon'd in this utmost risque of state,  
Old age and childhood share the toils of fate.  
These to the brave supply (as time requires) 180  
Sulphur, and stones, and darts, and missile fires.  
With vast machines and arms the walls they stow,  
Whose rising height commands the plain below :  
There from aloft the Soldan strikes the eyes,  
In form a giant of stupendous size ! 185  
There, on the ramparts, flaming from afar,  
The fierce Argantes tow'rs with threat'ning air :  
And where the highest fort its summit rears,  
The fam'd Clorinda o'er the rest appears,  
And, stor'd with darts, her deadly quiver bears. }  
Already in her hand the bow she tries, 191  
Now strains the nerve, and now the shaft applies.  
Eager to strike, the lovely archer stands,  
And waits, with longing eyes, the hostile bands.

So feign'd of old, from Heav'n's ethereal height, 195  
The Delian virgin dealt a feather'd flight.

The hoary king, forgetful of his state,  
Within the city moves from gate to gate ;  
Renews again his orders on the wall,  
And breathes a hope and confidence in all : 200  
Here adds supplies of men, and there provides  
Fresh store of arms, and o'er the whole presides.  
But to the fanes the matrons sad repair,  
And seek their fabl'd god with fruitless pray'r.

O, hear our vows ! thy righteous arm advance, 205  
And sudden break the Christian robber's lance !  
And him who dares thy hallow'd name offend,  
Now prone beneath the lofty gates extend !

While thus the city bends her diff'rent cares,  
The pious chief his arms and troops prepares : 210  
And first he leads the foot, a num'rous train,  
In skilful order marshall'd on the plain :  
Then in two squadrons he divides his pow'rs,  
T'attack, on either side, the hostile tow'rs.

The huge Balistæ in the midst appear, 215  
And ev'ry dreadful implement of war ;

Whence on the walls, like thunderbolts, are thrown  
Enormous darts, and crags of pond'rous stone.  
The heavy arm'd the weaker foot sustain ;  
The lighter horse are sent to scour the plain. 220  
At length the word is giv'n, the signals sound ;  
The bows are bent, the slings are whirl'd around :  
Their deathful rage the mighty engines pour,  
And gall the Pagans with a rocky show'r :

Some quit their posts, and others headlong fall ; 225  
And thinn'd appear the ranks that guard the wall.

The Franks, impatient now to prove their force,  
More near the walls advance with eager course.

Some, shield to shield in closest texture laid,  
Above their heads an ample cov'ring made ; 230  
And some, beneath machines, in safety move :  
A sure defence from falling stones above.

And now the fosse th'advancing soldiers gain,  
And seek the depth to level with the plain.  
(The bottom firm, a safe foundation show'd) 235  
This soon they fill'd : a late impervious road !

Adrastus foremost of the troop appears,  
And 'gainst the walls a scaling-ladder rears.  
Boldly he mounts, while round his head they pour  
The stones and sulphur in a mingl'd show'r : 240

The fierce Helvætian wond'ring crowds survey,  
Who now had finish'd half his airy way ;  
When lo ! with fury sent, a rugged stone,  
With rapid force, as from an engine thrown,  
(Sent by the vigour of Circassian's knight) 245  
Struck on his helm, and hurl'd him from his height.

Nor wound ensu'd, nor mortal was the stroke,  
Yet prone he tumbld, senseless, with the shock:  
Then thus Argantes, with a threat'ning cry :  
Fall'n is the first : who dares the second try ? 250

Behold, I fearless stand before your sight ;  
Why, warriors, draw ye not to open fight ?  
Think not those sheds can fence your dastard train,  
For you, like beasts, shall in your caves be slain

He said ; yet not-for this the Christians stay ; 255  
But in their coverts still pursue their way :  
While others on their fencing bucklers bear  
The storm of arrows, and the rattling war.  
Now to the walls the batt'ring rams drew nigh :  
Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye ! 260  
Strong iron plates their massy heads compose ;  
The gates and ramparts fear th'approaching blows.  
'Gainst these a hundred hands their aid supply,  
And roll vast beams and ruins from on high :  
The pond'rous fragments thunder on the fields ; 265 }  
At once they break the well-compacted shields, }  
And the crush'd helmet to the fury yields !  
The plain is strewn with arms, and cover'd o'er  
With shatter'd bones, and brains, and mingl'd gore !  
The fierce assailants now, for bolder fight, 270  
Forth from their covert rush to open light.  
Some place their ladders, and the height ascend ;  
Against the ramparts some their engines bend.  
The rams begin to shake the batter'd wall ;  
The nodding bulwarks threat a sudden fall. 275  
But, watchful, from the town the foes prepare  
Each various method of defensive war ;  
And where the forceful beams impetuous drove,  
A mass of wool, suspended from above,  
Whose yielding substance breaks the dreadful blows,  
The wary Pagans 'gainst the storm oppose. 281  
While thus with dauntless hearts, the warrior-train  
Against the walls the bold attack maintain,

Sev'n times her twanging bow Clorinda drew,  
As oft her arrow from the bow-string flew ; 285  
And ev'ry shaft that to the plain she sped,  
Its steel and feathers dy'd with blushing red.  
The noblest warriors drench'd her weapons o'er,  
She scorn'd to dip their points in vulgar gore.

The first who, 'midst the tumult of the war, 290  
Felt her keen darts, was England's youngest care.  
Scarce from his fence his head appear'd in view,  
When wing'd with speed the vengeful arrow flew :  
Swift thro' his better hand it held its course,  
Nor could the steelly gauntlet stop the force. 295  
Disabl'd thus, with grief he left the plain,  
And deeper groan'd with anger than with pain.  
Then, near the fosse, the earl of Amboise fell :  
Clotharius mounting, found the deadly steel.  
That, pierc'd from back to breast, reluctant dy'd ; 300  
This headlong fell, transfix'd from side to side.  
The Flemish chief the batt'ring engine heav'd,  
When his left arm the sudden wound receiv'd,  
He stay'd, and furious strove to draw the dart,  
But left the steel within the wounded part. 305  
To rev'rend Ademar, who, plac'd afar,  
Incautious, stood to view the raging war,  
The fatal reed arriv'd ; his front it found ;  
He try'd to wrench the weapon from the wound :  
Another dart, with equal fury sent, 310  
Transfix'd his hand, and thro' his visage went.

He fell, and falling, pour'd a purple flood,  
And stain'd the virgin-shaft with holy blood.

As Palamede to scale the bulwarks strove,  
In his right eye the fatal arrow drove ; 315  
Thro' all the optic nerves its passage tore,  
And issu'd at his nape, besmear'd with gore :  
At once he tumbles, with a dreadful fall,  
And dies beneath the well-contested wall.

While thus the virgin round her shafts bestows, 320  
With new devices Godfrey press'd his foes :  
Aside he brought against a portal near,  
The largest of his huge machines of war ;  
A tow'r of wood, stupendous to the sight,  
Whose top might mate the lofty ramparts height : 325  
Its ample womb could arms and men contain ;  
And, roll'd on wheels, it mov'd along the plain.  
Near and more near, the bulk enormous drew,  
While from within the darts and jav'lins flew.  
But, from the threaten'd walls, the wary foes 330  
With spears and stones th'advancing pile oppose.  
Against the front and sides their strokes they bend,  
And heavy fragments on the wheels they send.  
So thick, on either side, the jav'lins pour,  
The air is darken'd with the missile show'r : 335  
Cloud meets with cloud, and, clashing in the sky,  
Back to the senders oft the weapons fly.  
As from the trees are torn the shatter'd leaves,  
What time the grove the stormy hail receives ;  
As ripen'd fruit from loaded branches falls, 340  
So fell the Pagans from the lofty walls :  
While others that surviv'd, with deep dismay,  
Fled from the huge machine's tremendous sway.

Not so the Soldan ; fearless he remain'd,  
 And with him many on the height detain'd. 345  
 Then fierce Argantes thither bent his course,  
 And seiz'd a beam t'oppose the hostile force.  
 Firm in his hand th'enormous weight he held,  
 By this his mighty strength the tow'r repell'd,  
 And kept aloof. With these the martial \* fair 350  
 Appear'd, their glory and their toils to share.  
 Meanwhile, with scythes prepar'd, the Franks divide  
 The cords to which the woolly fence is ty'd.  
 No more sustain'd, at once on earth it falls,  
 And undefended leaves the threaten'd walls. 355  
 Now from the Christian tow'r, more fierce below,  
 The thund'ring ram redoubles ev'ry blow.  
 A breach is made ; when, fir'd with martial fame,  
 The mighty Godfrey to the bulwarks came :  
 His body cover'd with his amplest shield 360  
 (A weight his arm was seldom wont to wield)  
 He saw, as round he cast his careful view,  
 Where from the walls fierce Solyman withdrew, }  
 And swift to guard the dang'rous passage flew ; }  
 While still Clorinda and Circassia's knight, 365  
 Maintain'd their station on the rampart's height.  
 He sees, and instant from Sigero's hands,  
 A lighter buckler and his bow demands.  
 Myself, he crys, will first the deed essay  
 Thro' yon disjointed stones, to force the way : 370  
 'Tis time to shew some act that merits praise,  
 That may to either host our glory raise.



Then, changing shields, he scarce the word had said,  
When from the wall a vengeful arrow fled :  
The destin'd passage in his leg it found, 375  
Where strong each nerve, and painful is the wound.  
The deadly shaft from thee, Clorinda, came !  
To thee alone the world ascribes the fame.  
This day, preserv'd by thy unerring bow,  
Thy Pagan friends to thee their safety owe. 380  
But still the troops the dauntless leader fires ;  
Still o'er his works his daring foot aspires :  
Till now he feels the wound's increasing pains ;  
No more the leg his sinking bulk sustains.  
To noble Guelpho then a sign he made : 385  
Behold, compell'd I leave the field (he said) ;  
Thou, in my place, a leader's task sustain,  
And, in my absence, head my social train.  
Soon will I turn, the combat to renew —  
He said, and on a courser thence withdrew, 390  
Yet not unnoted by the Pagan crew. }  
Thus parts th'unwilling hero from his post,  
And, with him, fortune quits the Christian host ;  
While on the adverse side their force increas'd,  
And hope, rekindling, dawn'd in ev'ry breast. 395  
In ev'ry Christian heart now terrors rose,  
And chilling fears their former ardour froze :  
Already flew their weapons, slow to wound ;  
And their weak trumpets breath'd a fainter sound.  
Now on the ramparts height again appear 400  
The bands, so late dispers'd with coward fear.

Incited by Clorinda's glorious sires,  
Their country's love the female train inspires :  
Eager they run to prove the tasks of war,  
With vestments girded and dishevell'd hair. 405  
They hurl the dart ; nor fear, where danger calls,  
T' expose their bosoms for their native walls.  
But that which most the Franks with doubts oppress'd,  
And banish'd fear from ev'ry Pagan breast,  
The mighty Guelpho, 'midst the rage of fight, 410  
Fell by a wound, in either army's sight :  
Amongst a thousand fates, on earth o'erthrown,  
Sent from afar, he felt the missile stone.  
Another stone alike on Raymond flew,  
And prone to earth the hoary warrior threw. 415  
While in the fosse the brave Eustatius stood,  
A weapon deeply drank his gen'rous blood.  
This hour (ill fated for the Christian train)  
No Pagan weapon flies which flies in vain.  
Fir'd with success, and swell'd to loftier pride, 420  
The fierce Circassian rais'd his voice, and cry'd.

Not Antioch this ; nor now the shades extend,  
The shades of night that Christian frauds befriend !  
A wakeful foe ye view, an open light,  
Far other forms, far other tasks of sight ! 425  
No sparks of glory now your soul enflame ;  
No more ye thirst for plunder or for fame ;  
Do ye so soon from weak attacks refrain ?  
O less than women, in the shape of men !

He spoke, and scorn'd, in narrow walls confin'd,  
To hide the purpose of his daring mind. 435

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THE  
TWELFTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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---

'T WAS night ; but either host, with cares oppress'd,  
Reliev'd not yet their toils with balmy rest ;  
Here, under covert of the gloomy hour,  
The busy Franks repair'd their batter'd tow'r ;  
And there the Pagans, press'd with equal care,      5  
Review'd their bulwarks tott'ring from the war,  
And prop'd the walls. Alike, on either side,  
The warriors wounds each skilful leech employ'd.  
Now deeper darkness brooded on the ground,  
And many an eye was clos'd in sleep profound :      10  
But not in slumber sunk the \* martial dame,  
Whose gen'rous bosom ever pants for fame :  
With her Argantes join'd, the watch partook ;  
Then thus in secret to her soul she spoke :

\* CLORINDA.

What wond'rous praise has Solyman obtain'd ? 15  
What, by his deeds to-day, Argantes gain'd ?  
Alone, amidst yon num'rous host to go,  
And crush the engines of the Christian foe !  
While I (how poor the vaunted fame I share !)  
Here plac'd aloft maintain'd a distant war : 20  
'Tis true, my shafts may boast successful aim :  
And is this all a woman's hand can claim ?  
'Twere better far in woods and wilds to chace,  
And pierce with darts remote the savage race,  
Than here, when manly valour braves the field, 25  
Appear a maid in feats of arms unskill'd.

She said ; and soon revolving in her breast  
Heroic deeds, Argantes thus address :

Long has my soul unusual ardor prov'd,  
And various thoughts this restless bosom mov'd : 30  
I know not whether God th'attempt inspires,  
Or man can form a God of his desires.  
See ! from yon vale the Christians glimm'ring light—  
My mind impels me, this auspicious night,  
To burn their tow'r ; at least the deed be try'd, 35  
And for th'event let Heav'n alone provide.  
But should it chance (the fate of war unknown)  
The foes forbid me to regain the town ;  
I leave my damsel-train thy care to prove,  
And one that loves me with a father's love : 40  
Protect them, chief ! and safe to Egypt send  
My mourning virgins, and my aged friend :  
O grant my prayer ! — This duty from thy hands  
Those claim by sex, and this by age demands.

With wonder fill'd, Argantes heard the dame, 45  
And caught the kindling sparks of gen'rous flame,  
Then shalt thou go, and leave me here behind,  
Despis'd (he cry'd) among th'ignoble kind?  
Think'st thou I shall behold with joyful eyes,  
Secur'd, afar the curling flames arise? 50  
No — if in arms I ever grac'd thy side,  
Still let me here thy doubtful chance divide;  
I too can boast a heart despising death,  
That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath!  
O gen'rous chief! (reply'd the fearless maid) 55  
In such resolves thy virtue stands display'd:  
Yet here permit me to depart alone;  
A loss like mine shall ne'er distress the town:  
But (Heaven avert the omen!) should'st thou fall,  
What hand shall longer guard Judæa's wall? 60  
In vain is each pretence (the knight rejoin'd)  
For fix'd remains the purpose of my mind:  
Behold I tread the path thy feet shall lead;  
But, if refus'd, myself will dare the deed.  
This said, they sought the careful king, who sate 65  
In nightly council for the public state:  
There, 'midst the brave and wise (an awful train)  
They came; and first Clorinda thus began:  
Vouchsafe a while, O king, to bend thy ear!  
And what we proffer with acceptance hear: 70  
Argantes vows (nor vainly boasts the pow'r)  
With vengeful flames to burn yon hostile tow'r:  
Myself will aid—our course alone we stay,  
Till added toil the foes in slumber lay.

To Heav'n his trembling hands the monarch rears ;  
His wrinkled cheeks are wet with joyful tears : 76  
All praise to thee, O Guardian Pow'r ! (he cries)  
Who still thy people view'st with gracious eyes !  
Long wilt thou yet preserve my threaten'd reign,  
When souls like these the town's defence maintain. 80  
For you, ye pair, what praises can I find !  
What gifts to equal your heroic mind !  
Fame shall to distant times your worth proclaim,  
And earth aloud repeat each glorious name.  
Your deed be your reward. To this receive 85  
Such recompense as fits a king to give.

Thus Aladine ; and as he spoke, he press'd,  
Now this, now that, with transport to his breast.  
No more the list'ning Soldan could controul  
The gen'rous emulation in his soul : 90  
Think not (he cry'd) in vain this sword I wear :  
This hand with you shall ev'ry labour bear.  
Then let us issue all (the maid rejoin'd)  
Should'st thou depart, who dares remain behind ?  
And now, with envy fill'd and jealous pride, 95  
Argantes his consent had here deny'd ;  
But strait the word Judæa's monarch took,  
And mildly thus the chief of Nice bespoke.

Intrepid warrior ! whom no dangers fright,  
Nor toil can weary in the day of fight : 100  
Full well I deem that, issuing on the foe,  
Thy deeds would worthy of thy courage show :  
But much unmeet it seems, that, parting all,  
None fam'd in arms remain within the wall.

Nor would I these permit th'attempt to dare, 105  
(So high their safety and their lives I bear)  
Were this a work of less important kind,  
Or meaner hands could act the part design'd.  
But since, so well 'gainst ev'ry chance dispos'd,  
The lofty tow'r is round with guards enclos'd, 110  
No little force can hope the pass to gain;  
Nor must we issue with a num'rous train :  
Let these who claim the task, this valiant pair,  
Oft prov'd before in ev'ry risk of war,  
Let these alone depart, in happy hour, 115  
Whose strength is equal to a legion's pow'r ;  
While thou, as best befits thy regal state,  
Here with the rest remain within the gate.  
And when (so fate succeed the glorious aim)  
These shall return and wide have spread the flame, 120  
If chance a hostile band pursue their course,  
Then haste and guard them from superior force.  
So spoke the king ; nor aught the Turk rejoin'd,  
Tho' discontent lay rankling in his mind.  
Then thus Ismeno : You who boldly dare 125  
Th'advent'rous task, a while th'attempt forbear ;  
Till various mixtures, cull'd with art, I frame,  
To burn the hostile tow'r with sudden flame ;  
Perchance the guards, that now the pile surround,  
May then be lost in friendly slumbers drown'd. 130  
To this they yield ; and each apart retir'd,  
Expects the season for the deed desir'd,  
And now Clorinda threw her vest aside,  
With silver wrought ; her helmet's crested pride :

For these (ill omen!) sable arms she wore, 135  
And sable casque that no plum'd honours bore.  
She deem'd it easier, thus disguis'd to go,  
And pierce the watchful squadrons of the foe.  
The eunuch, old Arsetes, near her stay'd,  
Who from her childhood bred the warrior-maid ; 140  
Who all her steps with faithful age pursu'd,  
And near her now a trusty guardian stood ;  
He saw the virgin change her wonted arms ;  
Her rash design his anxious breast alarms :  
He weeps, adjures her oft with earnest pray'rs, 145  
By his long service, by his silver hairs ;  
By the dear mem'ry of his former pains,  
To cease th'attempt ; but she unmov'd remains.  
To whom he said,—Since, bent on future ill,  
Thou stand'st resolv'd thy purpose to fulfil ; 150  
Since neither helpless age, nor love like mine,  
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, can change thy dire design,  
Attend :—My tongue shall wond'rous things reveal.  
No longer now thy former state conceal.  
That done, no more I strive thy thoughts to shake ;  
Resume thy purpose, or my council take. 156  
He said. With eyes intent the virgin stood,  
While thus the rev'rend sire his speech pursu'd.  
In Ethiopia once Senapus reign'd  
(And still perchance he rules the happy land) 160  
Who kept the precepts giv'n by Mary's SON,  
Where yet the sable race his doctrines own.  
There I, a Pagan liv'd, remov'd from man,  
The queen's attendant 'midst the female train.



Wild with affright I left thee on the ground,  
And climb'd a tree, and thence my safety found. 225  
The furious beast now cast her eyes aside,  
And thee, deserted, on the herbage spy'd :  
Intent she seem'd to gaze, and milder grew,  
Till all the fierceness from her looks withdrew.  
Approaching nigh, she fawn'd in wanton play, 230  
And lick'd your infant-members as you lay ;  
While you, secure, the savage form caress'd,  
And strok'd with harmless hand her dreadful crest.  
She offer'd then her teats, and (strange to view !)  
Thy willing lips the milky moisture drew. 235  
With anxious fear and wonder I beheld  
A sight so new, that all belief excell'd.  
Soon as she found thee sated with the food,  
The beast departed, and regain'd the wood.  
Then hast'ning down to where on earth you lay, 240  
I with my charge resum'd my former way :  
Till, 'midst a village, my retreat I made,  
In secret there thy infancy was bred :  
And there I dwelt till, coursing round, the moon  
Had sixteen changing months to mortals shewn ; 245  
Till thy young feet began their steps to frame,  
And from thy tongue imperfect accents came.  
But sinking now, as middle life declin'd,  
To hoary age, the winter of mankind ;  
Enrich'd with gold, which with a bounteous hand 250  
The Queen had giv'n me when I left the land,  
I loath'd this irksome life, with wand'ring tir'd,  
And to review my native soil desir'd ;

There, 'midst my friends, to pass my latter days,  
And cheer my ev'nings with a social blaze. 255

To Egypt then I turn'd, my natal shore,  
And thee the partner of my journey bore.

When, lo! a flood we gain—there thieves enclose  
My doubtful pass, and here the current flows.

What should I do, reluctant to forego 260

My dearest charge, or trust the barb'rous foe?

I take the flood; one hand the torrent braves;

And one sustains thee while I plough the waves.

Swift was the stream, and in its midmost course

A circling eddy whirl'd with rapid force : 265

There round and round, with giddy motion tost,

Sudden I sunk in depth of waters lost;

Thee soon I miss'd; but thee the waters bore,

And winds propitious wafted to the shore.

Breathless and faint at length I reach'd the land, 270

And there, with joy, my dearest pledge regain'd.

But now what Time to dusky shade consign'd,

Night spreads her veil of silence o'er mankind,

Behold a warrior in my dream appear'd,

And o'er my head a naked falchion rear'd. 275

Hear my command! (he cry'd with threat'ning air)

What once a mother trusted to thy care;

Thy infant charge with sacred rites baptize;

Belov'd of Heaven, with me her safety lies:

For her to rav'nous beasts I pity gave, 280

And breath'd a living spirit in the wave.

Oh wretched thou! if, such a warning giv'n,

Thou dar'st to slight the messenger of Heav'n!

He ceas'd ; I wak'd, and then resum'd my way  
Soon as the morn reveal'd her early ray. 285  
But, partial to my faith, I kept thee still,  
Nor would thy mother's last commands fulfill :  
I heeded not the visions of the night,  
But bred thy youth in ev'ry Pagan rite.  
Mature in years, now shone thy dauntless mind 290  
Above thy sex, the rival of mankind !  
In many a fight thy deeds have glory won ;  
Thy fortune since full well to thee is known.  
In me thou still hast prov'd, in peace or war,  
A servant's duty and a parent's care. 295  
As yester-morn my mind, with thought oppress,  
Lay senseless in a deep, a death-like rest,  
The phantom-warrior came with fiercer look,  
And dreadful with a louder accent spoke.  
Lo, wretch ! th'appointed hour at hand (he cry'd) 300  
That must Clorinda from this life divide.  
In thy despite the virgin shall be mine,  
And thee to tears and anguish I resign.  
He said, and vanish'd swift to fleeting air :  
Then hear, my best lov'd ! my tend'rest care ! 305  
For thee these threat'ning visions Heav'n has sent ;  
To thee, alas ! foretells some dire event ;  
Perchance displeas'd by me to see thee train'd  
In rites unpractis'd in thy natal land ;  
Remote perhaps from truth.—O ! yet forbear ; 310  
Consent no longer now those arms to wear :  
Suppress thy daring, and relieve my care. }  
He ceas'd, and wept. In deep suspense she stay'd :  
*A dream like his her troubl'd soul dismay'd :*

At length her looks she clear'd, and thus reply'd: 315  
 That faith, which seems the truth, be still my guide;  
 The faith I learn'd from thee in early years,  
 Which now thou seek'st to shake with causeless fears:  
 Nor will I (noble minds such thoughts disdain)  
 Forego these arms, or from th'attempt refrain, 320  
 Tho' death, in ev'ry shape that mortals fear,  
 Should undisguis'd before my eyes appear.

So spoke the gen'rous maid, and gently strove  
 To calm his anguish and his doubts remove.  
 Now came the season for the deed design'd, 325  
 When 'parting thence th'expecting \*knight she join'd;  
 Ismeno, with his words, their zeal inspir'd  
 (But no incitement either breast requir'd)  
 And to their hands two sulph'rous balls consign'd,  
 With secret fire in hollow reeds confin'd. 330

Now thro' the night their silent march they bend,  
 Now leave the city, and the hill descend:  
 Till near the place arriv'd, where, tow'ring high,  
 The hostile engine rises to the sky;  
 No longer can their daring souls restrain 335  
 The warmth that breathes in ev'ry glowing vein.  
 Too eager now, their quicken'd pace alarms  
 The watchful guard, who call aloud to arms.  
 No more conceal'd remain the gen'rous pair,  
 But boldly rushing forth, provoke the war. 340  
 As missile stones from batt'ring engines fly,  
 As fork'y thunders rend the troubl'd sky;

\* ARGANTES.

One instant sees them, with resistless hand,  
Attack, disperse, and penetrate the band.  
'Midst clashing spears and hissing darts they flew, 345  
And, unrepuls'd, their glorious task pursue :  
Now, held in sight, the ready fires they raise :  
Now, near the pile, the threat'ning vapours blaze ;  
Till on the tow'r the dreadful pest they bend :  
On ev'ry side the curling flames ascend : 350  
Heavy and thick the smoky volumes rise,  
And shade with sable clouds the starry skies :  
Flash follows flash, the mingl'd blaze aspires,  
Till all the æther glows with ruddy fires !  
Fann'd by the wind, the flame more furious grows :  
Down falls the pile, the terror of the foes, 356 }  
And one short hour the wond'rous work o'erthrows ! }  
Meanwhile with speed two Christian squadrons came,  
Who from the field had seen the rising flame :  
To these the bold Argantes turn'd, and vow'd 360  
To quench the burning ruins with their blood :  
Yet with Clorinda join'd, retreating still,  
By slow degrees he gain'd the neighb'ring hill ;  
While, like a flood, by sounding rains increas'd,  
Behind their steps the eager Christians press'd. 365  
Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready stands  
The king, surrounded with his num'rous bands,  
To welcome back (if fate th'attempt succeed)  
The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.  
Now near the town the knight and virgin drew, 370  
And swift behind the troop of Franks pursue ;

These Solyman dispers'd : the portal clos'd,  
 But left Clorinda to the foe expos'd ;  
 Alone expos'd ; for while the hasty bands  
 Shut fast the sounding gate with ready hands,      375  
 She follow'd Arimon, by fury driv'n,  
 'T'avenge the wound his luckless arm had giv'n :  
 His life she took : nor yet Argantes knew  
 'That she, ill-fated ! from the walls withdrew.  
 All cares were lost, the tumult of the fight      380  
 Amaz'd the senses 'midst the gloom of night.  
 At length, her rage allay'd with hostile blood,  
 The maid at leisure, all her peril, view'd  
 The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate,  
 She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate.      385  
 But when she finds no Christian eye descries  
 The hostile warrior in the dark disguise,  
 New schemes of safety in her mind arise.      }  
 Herself securely 'midst the ranks she throws,  
 And undiscover'd mingles with the foes.      390  
 Then, as the wolf retires besmear'd with blood,  
 And seeks the shelter of the distant wood,  
 So, favour'd by the tumult of the night,  
 The dame, departing, shunn'd the prying sight.  
 Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view,      395  
 Some Pagan foe, as near the place he drew.  
 He came what time she Arimon had slain,  
 Then mark'd her course, and follow'd o'er the plain :  
 Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight;  
 Esteem'd a warrior worthy of his might,      400  
 Her sex unknown. And now the virgin went

A winding way along the hill's ascent :  
Impetuous he pursu'd ; but ere he came,  
His clashing' armour rous'd th'unwary dame.  
Then turning swift, What bringst thou here? (she cry'd)  
Lo ! war and death I bring ! (the chief reply'd)— 406  
Then war and death (the virgin said) I give ;  
What thou to me would'st bring, from me receive !  
Intrepid then she stay'd ; the knight drew near ;  
But when he saw the foe on foot appear, 410 }  
He left his steed to meet in equal war.

Now with drawn swords they rush the fight to wage :  
With fury thus two jealous bulls engage.  
What glorious deeds on either part were done,  
That claim'd an open field and conscious sun ! 415  
Thou, Night, whose envious veil with dark disguise,  
Conceal'd the warriors acts from human eyes,  
Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame,  
And give to future times each mighty name :  
So shall they shine, from age to age display'd, 420  
For glories won beneath thy sable shade !  
All art in fight the dusky hour denies,  
And fury now the place of skill supplies.  
The meeting swords with horrid clangor sound ;  
Each whirls the falchion, each maintains the ground :  
Alternate furies either breast enflame, 426  
Alternate vengeance and alternate shame.  
No pause, no rest th'impatient warriors know,  
But rage to rage, and blow succeeds to blow :  
Still more and more the combat seems to rise, 430  
That scarce their weapons can their wrath suffice :

Till grappling fierce, in nearer strife they close,  
And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.  
Thrice in his nervous arms he held the maid;  
And thrice elusive from his grasp she fled. 435  
Again with threat'ning swords resum'd they stood,  
And dy'd again the steel with mutual blood :  
Till, spent with labour, each a while retir'd,  
And faint and breathless from the fight respir'd.

Now shines the latest star with fainter ray, 440  
And ruddy streaks proclaim the dawning day :  
Each views the foe ; while, bending on the plain,  
The swords revers'd, their sinking bulks sustain.  
Then Tancred marks the blood that drains his foe,  
But sees his own with less effusion flow. 445  
He sees with joy : — O, mortals ! blind to fate,  
Too soon with fortune's fav'ring wind elate !  
Ah, wretch ! rejoice not : thou too soon shalt mourn ;  
Thy boast and triumph shall to sorrow turn !  
Soon shall thy eyes distil a briny flood 450  
For all those purple drops of precious blood !

Thus for a while the weary warriors stay'd,  
And, speechless, each the other's wounds survey'd.  
At length the silence gallant Tancred broke,  
Besought her name, and mildly thus bespoke : 455

Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,  
When darkness veils our deeds from ev'ry sight :  
But since ill fortune envies valour's praise,  
And not a witness here our strife surveys ;  
If pray'rs from foes can e'er acceptance claim, 460  
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name :



So shall I know, whate'er th'event be found,  
Who makes my conquest or my death renown'd.  
Thou seek'st in vain (the haughty maid reply'd)  
To fathom what my soul resolves to hide. 465  
Yet, one of these thou seest (whate'er my name)  
Who gave thy boasted engine to the flame.

At this, with rage indignant Tancred burn'd :  
In hapless hour thou speak'st (he thus return'd)  
Alike thy speech, alike thy silence proves, 470  
And either, wretch ! my arm to vengeance moves.

With rest refresh'd, with wrath inflam'd anew,  
Again transported to the fight they flew.  
What dreadful wounds on either side are giv'n !  
Thro' arms and flesh the ruthless swords are driv'n.  
Tho' faint with blood effus'd from ev'ry vein, 476  
Their stagg'ring limbs can scarce their weight sustain,  
Yet still they live and still maintain the strife,  
Disdain and rage with-hold their fleeting life.  
So seems th'Egean sea, the tempest past, 480  
That here and there its troubl'd waters cast ;  
It still preserves the fury gain'd before,  
And rolls the sounding billows to the shore.

But now behold the mournful hour at hand,  
In which the fates Clorinda's life demand. 485  
Full at her bosom Tancred aim'd the sword ;  
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gor'd :  
The sanguine current stain'd with blushing red  
Th'embroider'd vest that o'er her arms was spread.  
She feels approaching death in ev'ry vein ; 490  
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain :

But still the Christian knight pursues the blow,  
And threats and presses close his vanquish'd foe :  
She, as she falls, her voice, unhappy ! rears,  
And her last suit with moving tone prefers. 495  
Some pitying angel form'd her last desire,  
Where faith, and hope, and charity conspire !  
On the fair rebel Heav'n such grace bestow'd,  
And now in death requir'd the faith she ow'd.

'Tis thine, my friend ! — I pardon thee the stroke —  
O ! let me pardon too from thee invoke ! — 501  
Not for this mortal frame I urge my pray'r,  
For this I know no fear, and ask no care :  
No, for my soul alone I pity crave ;  
O ! cleanse my follies in the sacred wave ! 505

Feebly she spoke ; the mournful sounds impart  
A tender feeling to the victor's heart ;  
His wrath subsides, while softer passions rise,  
And call the tear of pity from his eyes.  
Not far from thence, adown the mossy hill, 510  
In gentle murmurs, roll'd a crystal rill :  
There in his casque the limpid stream he took ;  
Then sad and pensive hasten'd from the brook.  
His hands now trembl'd, while her helm he rear'd,  
Ere yet the features of his foe appear'd ; — 515  
He sees ! — he knows ! — and senseless stands the knight !  
O fatal knowledge ! — O distracting sight !  
Yet still he lives, and rous'd with holy zeal,  
Prepares the last sad duty to fulfil.  
While from his lips he gave the words of grace, 520  
A smile-of transport brighten'd in her face :

Rejoic'd in death, she seem'd her joy to tell,  
And bade for Heav'n the empty world farewell.  
A lovely paleness o'er her features flew ;  
As vi'lets mix'd with lilies blend their hue. 525  
Her eyes to Heav'n the dying virgin rais'd ;  
The heav'ns and sun with kindly pity gaz'd ;  
Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of lasting peace,  
She gave the chief ; her lips their music cease.  
So life departing left her lovely breast ; 530  
So seem'd the virgin lull'd to silent rest !

Soon as he found her gentle spirit fled,  
His firmness vanish'd o'er the senseless dead.  
Wild with his fate, and frantic with his pain,  
To raging grief he now resigns the rein. 535  
No more the spirits fortify the heart ;  
A mortal coldness freezes ev'ry part.  
Speechless and pale like her the warrior lay,  
And look'd a bloody corse of lifeless clay !  
Then had his soul pursu'd the fleeting fair, 540  
Whose gentle spirit hover'd yet in air ;  
But here it chanc'd a band of Christians came,  
In search of water from the crystal stream :  
Full soon their leader, with a distant view,  
Well by his arms the Latian hero knew : 545  
With him the breathless virgin he beheld,  
And wept the fortune of so dire a field :  
Nor would he leave (tho' deem'd of Pagan kind)  
Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves consign'd :  
But either burthen, on their shoulders laid, 550  
To Tancred's tent the mournful troop convey'd.

These lines the knight perus'd, and, lost in thought,  
He long in vain the secret meaning sought.  
Now thro' the leaves a whisp'ring breeze he hears,  
And human voices murm'ring in his ears, 290  
That various passions in his heart instill;  
Soft pity, grief, and awe, his bosom fill.

At length, resolv'd, his shining steel he drew,  
And struck the tree, when, dreadful to his view!  
The wounded bark a sanguine current shed, 295  
And stain'd the grassy turf with streaming red.  
With horror fill'd, yet fix'd th'event to know,  
Again his arm renew'd the forceful blow:  
When from the trunk was heard a human groan,  
And plaintive accents in a female tone. 300

Too much on me thy rage before was bent,  
O cruel Tancred! cease — at last relent!  
By thee from life's delightful seat I fell,  
Driy'n from the breast, where once I us'd to dwell.  
Why do'st thou still pursue, with ruthless hate, 305  
This trunk, to which I now am fix'd by fate?  
Ah! cruel! — shall not death th'unhappy save?  
And would'st thou reach thy foes within the grave?  
Clorinda once was I! — nor here confin'd,  
My soul alone informs a rugged rind: 310  
The like mysterious fortune waits on all  
Who sink in fight beneath yon lofty wall;  
By strange enchantment here (relentless doom!)  
They find in sylvan forms a living tomb.  
These trunks and branches human sense endows, 315  
Nor canst thou, guiltless, lop the vital boughs.

As one distemper'd, to whose sleeping eyes  
A dragon or chimera seems to rise,  
Attempts to fly, while yet he scarce believes  
The monstrous phantom that his sense deceives, 320  
So far'd the lover, doubting what he heard;  
Yet, 'midst his doubts, he yielded and he fear'd.  
A thousand tender thoughts his fancy struck;  
And soon the sword his trembling hand forsook.  
Now in his mind he views th'offended fair 325  
With all the sighs and tumults of despair:  
Nor longer can he bear, with pitying eyes,  
To view the streaming bark, or hear the mournful cries!  
Thus he, whose courage ev'ry deed had try'd,  
And all the various forms of death defy'd, 330  
Submits his reason to delusive charms,  
And Love's all-pow'rful name his breast disarms.

A whirlwind now arose with sudden roar,  
Which from the wood his fallen falchion bore.  
And thus subdu'd, the knight no longer strove, 335  
But left th'attempt, and issu'd from the grove:  
His sword regaining, to the chief he came,  
And thus at length began his tale to frame:—

Unthought-of truths, O prince, I shall reveal;  
Wond'rous to know, incredible to tell! 340  
I heard the dreadful sounds, the fire I view'd  
That, sudden rising, in my passage stood:  
Like walls and battlements the flames were rear'd,  
Where armed monsters for defence appear'd;  
Yet, free from heat, I pass'd the burning tow'rs, 345  
Nor found my path oppos'd by hostile pow'rs.

To this succeeded clouds, and storms, and night ;  
But soon again return'd the cheerful light.  
More shall I speak ? — A human spirit lives  
In ev'ry tree, and sense and reason gives 350  
To ev'ry plant. Deep groans assail'd my ear :  
And still I seem the mournful sounds to hear.  
Each parted trunk pours forth a purple stream,  
Like sanguine currents from a wounded limb !  
I own myself subdu'd — no more I dare 355  
A branch dissever, or a sapling tear.

While Tancred thus his wond'rous tidings brought,  
The leader waver'd, lost in anxious thought ;  
Uncertain of himself th'attempt to prove,  
And try the dangers of th'enchanted grove ; 360  
Or seek what other distant wood might yield  
The planks to frame his engines for the field ;  
But from his doubts the hermit soon relieves  
The pensive chief, and thus his counsel gives :—

Forego thy schemes, nor think the wood t'invade ;  
Another hand must pierce the fatal shade. 366  
Now, now, the vessel gains the desert strand,  
She furls her sails, she cuts the yielding sand !  
See, where at length th'expected hero breaks  
His shameful bondage, and the shore forsakes ! 370  
Full soon will Heav'n yon tow'ring walls o'erthrow,  
And quell the numbers of th'Egyptian foe.  
While thus he spoke, inflam'd his looks appear'd ;  
With more than mortal sound his voice was heard.

The pious Godfrey, still with cares oppress, 375  
New plans revolv'd within his thoughtful breast.

But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery sign,  
The sun, with scorching rays, began to shine :  
A direful drought succeeds ; the martial train  
No more the labours of the field sustain. 380  
Each gentle star has quench'd its kindly beam ;  
From sullen skies malignant planets gleam :  
Their baneful influence on the earth they shed,  
And wide thro' air infectious vapours spread.  
To dreadful day more dreadful night succeeds, 385  
And each new morn increasing terror breeds.  
The sun ne'er rises cheerful to the sight,  
But sanguine spots distain his sacred light :  
Pale hov'ring mists around his forehead play :  
The sad forerunners of a fatal day ! 390  
His setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,  
Denouncing greater woes at his return ;  
And adds new horrors to the present doom,  
By certain fear of evils yet to come !  
All nature pants beneath the burning sky : 395  
The earth is cleft, the less'ning streams are dry :  
The barren clouds, like streaky flames, divide,  
Dispers'd and broken thro' the sultry void.  
No cheerful object for the sight remains ;  
Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains ; 400  
Alone the wind from Lybia's sands respire,  
And burns each warrior's breast with secret fires.  
Nocturnal meteors blaze in dusky air,  
Thick lightnings flash, and livid comets glare !  
No pleasing moisture nature's face renews : 405  
The moon no longer sheds her pearly dew

To cheer the mourning earth : the plants and flow'rs  
In vain require the soft and vital show'rs !  
Sweet slumber flies from ev'ry restless night,  
In vain would men his balmy pow'r invite ; 410  
Sleepless they lie : but, far above the rest,  
The rage of thirst their fainting souls oppress ;  
For, vers'd in guile, Judæa's impious king,  
With pois'nous juice, had tinctur'd ev'ry spring ;  
Whose currents now with dire pollution flow, 415  
Like Styx and Acheron in realms below ;  
The slender stream where Siloa's gentle wave  
Once to the Christians draughts untainted gave,  
Now scarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,  
And yield their fainting host a small supply. 420  
But not the Po, when most his waters swell,  
Would seem too vast their raging thirst to quell ;  
Nor mighty Ganges, nor the sev'n-mouth'd Nile,  
That with his deluge glads th'Egyptian soil.  
If e'er their eyes, in happier times, have view'd, 425  
Begirt with grassy turf, some crystal flood ;  
Or living waters foam from Alpine hills,  
Or thro' soft herbage purl the limpid rills,  
Such flatt'ring scenes again their fancies frame, 430  
And add new fuel to increase their flame.  
Still in the mind the wish'd idea reigns :  
But still the fervor rages in the veins !  
Then might you see on earth the warriors lie,  
Whose limbs, robust, could ev'ry clime defy ; 435  
Inur'd the weight of pond'rous arms to bear,  
Inur'd in fields the hostile steel to dare :



Deep in their veins the hidden furies prey,  
And eat, by slow degrees, their lives away.

The courser, late with gen'rous pride indu'd, 440  
Now loaths the grass his once delightful food :  
With feeble steps he scarcely seems to tread ;  
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.  
No mem'ry now of ancient fame remains,  
No thirst of glory on the dusty plains : 445  
The conquer'd spoils and trappings once bestow'd,  
His joy so late, are now a painful load !  
Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,  
Nor heeds the service of his dearer lord !  
Outstretch'd he lies, and as he pants for breath,  
Receives at ev'ry gasp new draughts of death. 450

In vain has nature's law the air assign'd  
T'allay the inward heat of human kind :  
What here, alas ! can air mankind avail,  
When fevers float on ev'ry burning gale !

Thus droop'd the earth, and ev'ry glory lost, 455  
Dire prospects terrify'd the faithful host :  
Complaints aloud resound from ev'ry band,  
And words like these are heard on either hand.

What next can Godfrey hope ? why longer stay  
Till one sad fate sweep all our camp away ? 460  
Still can he think yon lofty walls to gain ?  
What force is left, what engines now remain ?  
And sees not he, of all the host alone,  
The wrath of God by ev'ry signal shewn ?  
A thousand signs and prodigies declare 465  
His will oppos'd against this fatal war.

What scorching rays the sick'ning land invade !  
Nor Ind nor Lybia asks a cooler shade.  
Then thinks our leader no regard we claim,  
And views us as a vile, a worthless name. 470  
That souls like ours to death must tamely yield,  
So he may still th'imperial sceptre wield !  
Behold the boasted chief, the pious nam'd,  
For acts of mercy and for goodness fam'd,  
Forgets his people's weal, his pow'r to raise, 475  
And on their ruin builds destructive praise !  
While thus we mourn each spring and fountain dry'd,  
From Jordan's stream his thirst is well supply'd ;  
Amidst his festive friends the prince reclines,  
And mixes cooling draughts with Cretan wines. 480

Thus said the Franks ; but louder far complain'd  
The Grecian chief, who Godfrey's sway disdain'd :  
Who with reluctance long his rule obey'd.  
Why should I tamely perish here ? (he said)  
And why with me on mine shall ruin wait ? 485  
If Godfrey blindly rush on certain fate,  
On him and on his Franks th'event be thrown ;  
Nor let us fall for follies not our own.

Thus said the chief ; nor bade the host adieu,  
But with his train, at ev'ning's close withdrew. 490  
Soon as the morn beheld his squadron fled,  
On other troops the quick contagion spread.  
Those that in battle Ademar obey'd,  
And brave Clothareus, now in silence laid  
(Since death, which all dissolves, had burst the bands  
That held them subject to their lords commands) 496

Already meditate their secret flight,  
And some depart beneath the fav'ring night.

All this full well observant Godfrey knew,  
Nor yet his soul would rig'rous means pursue 500  
T'oppose the ill ; resolv'd the faith to prove,  
That rapid streams can stay, and rocks remove ;  
The Ruler of the world with pray'rs t'implore  
The sacred fountains of his grace to pour.

With hands conjoin'd, and eyes with zeal on flame,  
He thus aloud invok'd th'Eternal name : — 506

O King, and Father ! if thy pitying hand  
E'er shed thy manna in the desert land ;  
If e'er thy will to man such virtue gave,  
From veins of rock to draw the gushing wave, 510  
Be now for these thy wond'rous pow'r display'd !  
But if their merits less can claim thy aid,  
O, let thy grace, to veil their faults, be giv'n !  
Still may thy warriors feel the care of Heav'n !

These righteous pray'rs, in humble words express'd,  
On eagle wings to Heav'n their flight address'd ; 516  
There full before the throne of God appear'd :  
Th' Eternal Father with complacence heard :

His awful eyes he bent on Syria's lands,  
And view'd the labours of his faithful bands : 520  
He saw their suff'rings with a gracious look,  
Then thus, with mild benevolence, he spoke : —

Lo ! to this hour, on earth my camp belov'd,  
Has various woes and dreadful perils prov'd !  
The world, in arms, resists their glorious toils, 525  
And hell obstructs their course with all its wiles.

Now, chang'd the scene, a happier fate attends :  
From fav'ring clouds the friendly show'r descends :  
Their matchless hero comes t'exalt their name,  
And Egypt's host arrives to crown their fame. 530

Th' Almighty ceas'd ; Heav'n trembl'd as he spoke ;  
The stars and ev'ry wand'ring planet shook ;  
The air was hush'd, the sea was calm'd to rest,  
And ev'ry hill and cave their awe confest.

Swift to the left the lightning's blaze appear'd ; 535  
At once aloft the thunder's noise was heard.

The troops, transported, view the lowring skies,  
And hail the rolling sound with joyful cries.

Now thick'ning clouds their gloomy veil extend ;  
Not these in vapours from the earth ascend 540

By Phœbus' warmth ; but Heav'n the deluge pours,  
And opens all the sluices of its stores.

The torrents fall impetuous from the skies ;

Above their banks the foamy rivers rise.

As on the shore, when heats have parch'd the plain,  
The cackling breed expect the kindly rain ; 546

Then greet the moisture with expanded wings,

And sport and plunge beneath the cooling springs ;

The Christians thus salute, with joyful cry,

The grateful deluge from the pitying sky. 550

These on their locks or vests the stream receive ;

From helms or vases those their thirst relieve :

Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave ;

Their faces some, and some their temples lave :

While earth, that late her gaping rifts disclos'd, 555

And fainting lay to parching heat expos'd,

Receives and ministers the vital show'rs  
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees, and flow'rs.  
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns ;  
No more the flame within her bosom burns ;      560  
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd soil ;  
Again renew'd, her hills and vallies smile.

Now ceas'd the rain ; the sun restor'd the day,  
And shed with grateful warmth a temper'd ray,  
As when his beams benign their influence bring      565  
T'unlock, with genial pow'r, the welcome spring.  
O wond'rous faith ! that, trusting Heav'n above,  
Can purge the air, and ev'ry ill remove !  
Can change the seasons, and reverse their state,  
And quench the fury of impending fate !      570

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END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

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THE  
FOURTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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**GODFREY** is admonished, in a dream, to recall Rinaldo to the camp. Guelpho pleads for his nephew's return, and Godfrey consents to it. Ubald and Charles the Dane are appointed the messengers for that purpose : these, by the directions of Peter, proceed to Ascalon, where they are entertained by a Christian-magician, who shews them many wonders. He gives them a particular relation of the manner in which Rinaldo was ensnared by Armida, and then instructs them fully how to deliver him from the power of the enchantress.

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THE  
FOURTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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Now from her mother's ancient lap arose  
Indulgent Night, befriending sweet repose :  
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,  
While from her robe she shook the pearly dew :  
The flutt'ring zephyrs breath'd a grateful wind, 5  
And sooth'd the balmy slumbers of mankind.

Now, ev'ry thought forgot, the peaceful host  
Their cares and labours in oblivion lost ;  
But ever watchful o'er his creatures state,  
In light eternal Heav'n's Almighty sate : 10  
His looks he turn'd, and view'd, from upper skies,  
The Christian leader with benignant eyes :  
To him, with speed, he sent a mystic dream,  
To speak the purpose of the Will Supreme.  
Not far from where the sun, with eastern ray, 15  
Thro' golden portals pours the beamy day ;



A crystal gate there stands, whose valves unfold  
Ere yet the skies the dawning light behold.  
From thence the dreams arise, which Heav'nly Pow'r  
To pious mortals sends in gracious hour. 20  
From thence to Godfrey's tent the vision fled,  
And o'er the chief his radiant pinions spread.  
No slumber e'er such pleasing scenes display'd  
As now the hero, in a trance, survey'd ;  
That brought the starry mansions to his eyes, 25  
And open'd all the secrets of the skies :  
Then, full reflected, to his sense was shown  
The happy state, by righteous spirits known.

He seem'd aloft to realms of glory rais'd,  
Where beams on beams with mingl'd lustre blaz'd. 30  
There while he, wond'ring, view'd the seats around,  
And heard the sacred choir their hymns resound,  
Begirt with rays, and cloth'd with lambent flame,  
Full in his sight a graceful warrior came.  
His tuneful voice no sounds can reach below ; 35  
And from his lips these gentle accents flow : —  
Then will not Godfrey own this face again ?  
And is thy friend, thy Hugo seen in vain ?  
To whom the chief reply'd : — That form divine,  
Where circling beams of dazzling glory shine, 40  
So far my feeble mortal sense obscur'd,  
That scarcely yet my mem'ry stands assur'd.  
He said ; and thrice with eager arms assay'd,  
With pious love, to clasp the friendly shade ;  
And thrice the phantom mock'd his fruitless care, 45  
And fled like empty dreams, or fleeting air.

Think not (the vision cry'd) thy eyes behold  
A mortal substance of terrestrial mold :  
A naked spirit stands before thy sight,  
A citizen of this celestial light. 50  
Behold GOD's temple ! here his warriors rest ;  
With these shalt thou reside for ever blest.  
When comes that happy hour ? (the chief replies)  
Ah ! now release my soul from earthly ties !  
Soon shalt thou (Hugo thus return'd again) 55  
Partake the triumphs of th'immortal train ;  
But first thy warfare claims new toils below :  
In fields of fight thy courage yet must glow.  
'Tis thine to free from impious Pagan bands  
The sacred empire of Judæa's lands ; 60  
And, firmly fix'd, the Christian throne to place,  
The seat thy brother is decreed to grace.  
But, that thy breast may feel a holier fire,  
And purer pleasures purer thoughts inspire,  
Contemplate well this place, these starry rays, 65  
Where Heav'n's Almighty pours the boundless blaze !  
Hark ! how th'angelic choir their hymns prolong,  
And warble to the lyre celestial song !  
Now cast thy sight to yonder globe below ;  
See all that earth on mortals can bestow ! 70  
Behold what vileness there obscures mankind !  
Say, what rewards can there the virtuous find ?  
A naked solitude, a narrow space,  
Confines the senseless pride of human race.  
Earth, like an isle, is round with waves embrac'd : 75  
Survey yon sea, the mighty and the vast ;

Which here can no such glorious titles claim :  
A pool unnoted, and a worthless name !

He said ; and Godfrey downward bent his eyes,  
And view'd the earth with pity and surprise. 80  
He smil'd to see the num'rous nations boast,  
Lands, floods, and oceans, in an atom lost ;  
Amaz'd that man, with sensual follies blind,  
Should there, immers'd in smoke, in gloom confin'd,  
Pursue vain empire and an airy name, 85  
Nor heed the call of Heav'n, and virtue's lasting fame.

Then thus he said :—Since 'tis not God's decree,  
From mortal prison yet my soul to free,  
O be my guide ! vouchsafe the path to show,  
Amidst the errors of the world below. 90

The path before thee (Hugo then reply'd)  
Pursue ; nor from the track remove aside.  
'This only counsel from thy friend receive ;  
From exile brave Bertoldo's son reprieve ;  
For if to thee th'Almighty King of Heav'n 95  
The sov'reign guidance of the host has giv'n,  
'Tis his decree no less th'intrepid knight  
Should execute thy high commands in fight :  
'Tis thine the foremost duties to sustain ;  
To him the second honours must remain : 100  
To him alone 'tis giv'n the woods to fell,  
So deeply guarded by the fiends of hell :  
From him the troops, that seem a lifeless host,  
Their numbers weaken'd and their courage lost,  
That inly meditate a shameful flight, 105  
Shall gain new vigour for th'approaching fight :

So shall they teach yon haughty walls to yield,  
And rout the eastern armies in the field.

He said, and ceas'd; when Godfrey made reply:—  
The knight's return would fill my breast with joy: 110  
Thou know'st (and thou my secret thought canst prove)  
That in my soul he meets a brother's love.

But say, what offers must I make? and where  
To seek him must the messengers repair?  
How suits it with my state the youth to greet, 115  
T'exact obedience, or with pray'r entreat?

To whom the shade: Th'Eternal King, whose grace  
To thee has giv'n on earth a leader's place,  
Decrees that those o'er whom he gave thee sway,  
To thee, their head, should rightful homage pay: 120  
Request not then (thou can'st not, void of blame,  
With servile pray'rs debase a gen'ral's name)  
But when thy friends beseech, thy ears incline;  
The part be theirs t'entreat, to yield be thine.  
To thee, inspir'd by Heav'n, shall Guelpho plead, 125  
And ask forgiveness for Rinaldo's deed.  
Tho' now far distant from th'abandon'd host,  
He lives in love and ease inglorious lost,  
A few short days will bring the youth again  
To shine in arms amidst his social train; 130  
For holy Peter can thy envoys send  
Where certain tidings shall thy search attend:  
They shall be taught the arts, and giv'n the pow'r  
The knight to free, and to the camp restore.  
Thus all thy wand'ring partners of the war 135  
Shall Heav'n at length reduce beneath thy care.

Yet ere I cease, one truth I shall reveal,  
Which well I know thy breast with joy shall fill.  
His blood shall mix with thine, and thence a race  
Of glorious names succeeding times shall grace. 140

He ended here ; and pass'd like smoke away,  
Or fleeting clouds before the solar ray.  
Then sleep, departing, left the hero's breast  
At once with wonder and with joy possest.  
The pious chief th'advancing morn survey'd, 145  
And strait his limbs in weighty arms array'd.  
Soon in his tent th'attending leaders met  
In daily council, where conven'd they sat :  
There ev'ry future act they weigh with care,  
And ev'ry labour of the war prepare. 150

Then noble Guelpho, who, by Heav'n impress,  
New thoughts revolv'd within his careful breast,  
First turn'd to Godfrey, 'midst the warrior-train : —  
O prince for mercy fam'd (he thus began)  
I come t'implore thy grace ! thy grace dispense, 155  
Tho' rash the deed, tho' recent be th'offence,  
Hence may it seem too boldly here I stand,  
And immaturely urge the fond demand.  
But when I think to Godfrey's gentle ear  
For brave Rinaldo I my suit prefer, 160  
Or view myself, of no ignoble strain,  
That intercedes thy fav'ring grace to gain,  
I trust thou wilt not such a boon deny,  
Which all will here receive with equal joy.  
Ah, let the youth return ! retrieve his name ! 165  
And lave, in fields of blood, his sully'd fame.

What hand but his intrepid shall invade  
The forest-gloom, and bare the fatal shade ?  
Who more advent'rous in the field to dare,  
Despising death amidst the ranks of war ?      170  
Behold he shakes the walls, the gates o'erthrows,  
Or foremost scales the ramparts of the foes !  
Restore him to the camp ! — O chief, restore  
The hope of battle, and the soldier's pow'r.  
Restore to me a nephew well-belov'd,      175  
A champion to thyself, in arms approv'd :  
Nor let him in ignoble sloth remain,  
But give him to his rank and fame again ;  
Thy conqu'ring banners let him still pursue,  
So may the gazing world his virtues view.      180  
Great deeds he then shall shew in open light,  
While thou, his leader, rul'st the field of fight.  
He ended here ; and, while his suit he prest,  
All join'd, with fav'ring murmurs, his request :  
And Godfrey now (each inward thought conceal'd)  
Seem'd to his reasons and his suit to yield.      186  
Can I (he cry'd) refuse the grace requir'd ?  
By all expected, and by all desir'd !  
Here rigour ends : enough your counsel moves :  
Then be it as the public voice approves.      190  
Let young Rinaldo view the camp again,  
But learn henceforth his anger to restrain.  
May he, with actions equal to your praise,  
Fulfil your wishes and his glory raise !  
Him to recall, O Guelpho, be thy care !      195  
(And grateful sure the tidings to his ear !)

'Tis thine the trusty envoy to select,  
And where the youth resides, his steps direct.

He ceas'd ; when, rising, thus the Dane began :—  
An envoy if you seek, behold the man. 200  
Nor length of way, nor perils I decline,  
To him this honour'd weapon to resign.

So spoke the knight, with gen'rous ardor mov'd,  
And noble Guelpho his desire approv'd,  
And join'd with him, the labours to divide, 205  
Ubal, in ev'ry art of wisdom try'd.

Ubal, in youth, had many regions seen,  
Explor'd the customs and the ways of men ;  
And wander'd long with unremitted toil,  
From polar cold to Lybia's burning soil. 210

From diff'rent nations diff'rent arts he drew :  
'Their laws, their manners, and their speech he knew.

In age mature him Guelpho now caress'd ;  
His much-lov'd friend and partner of his breast.  
Such were the men, selected 'midst the host, 215  
From exile to recall the champion lost.

These Guelpho now instructs their course to bend  
Where mighty Bæmond's regal walls ascend :  
Since all (for thus the public fame was blown)  
Had fix'd the knight's retreat in Antioch's town. 220

But here the word the rev'rend hermit took,  
And interpos'd, and thus their converse broke :—

Ye warriors brave, attend my words (he said)  
Nor be by voice of vulgar fame misled ;  
But haste to Ascalon, and seek the shores 225  
Where to the sea a stream its tribute pours :

There shall a sage, the Christians friend, appear ;  
Attend his dictates, and his counsel hear :  
Full well he knows, long since foretold by me,  
Of this your journey, fix'd by God's decree : 230  
'Tis his your steps to guide ; from him receive  
Such welcome as a faithful heart can give.

The hermit said ; and as his words requir'd,  
The ready knights obey'd what Heav'n inspir'd.  
Direct to Ascalon they bent their way, 235  
Where breaks against the land the neighb'ring sea.  
Their ears perceiv'd not yet the hollow roar  
Of dashing billows sounding on the shore :  
When now the chiefs a rapid stream beheld,  
With sudden rains and rushing torrents swell'd : 240  
The banks no more confine its headlong course ;  
Swift as a shaft it drives with furious force.  
While in suspense they stand, a sage appears  
Of rev'rend aspect and experienc'd years.  
An oaken wreath surrounds his aged brows ; 245  
In lengthen'd folds his snowy vesture flows ;  
A wand he shakes ; secure he treads the waves,  
And, with his feet unbath'd, the torrent braves.

So near the freezing pole, the village-swains  
(When winter binds the floods in icy chains) 250  
Oft o'er the Rhine in fearless numbers glide  
With hissing sound, and skim the solid tide.

Now came the sage to where in deep surprize,  
On him the silent warriors fix'd their eyes ;  
Then thus : — O friends, you 'tempt an arduous task ;  
Your high designs uncommon guidance ask. 256



What toils, what dangers still attend your way !  
What seas to pass, what regions to survey !  
Far must you search, where other sons ascend,  
Beyond the limits of our world extend ! 260.  
But first vouchsafe to view my lonely cell,  
The hidden mansion where retir'd I dwell :  
There shall my lips such wond'rous truths declare,  
As well befits your purpose now to hear.

He ceas'd ; and bade the stream a passage yield :  
Th'obedient stream a sudden path reveal'd ! 266  
Full in the midst the parting waves divide ;  
A liquid mountain rose on either side.  
Then by the hand he seiz'd the knights, and led  
Within the winding river's secret bed. 270  
There doubtful day scarce glimmers to their sight,  
As when pale Cynthia, thro' the groves by night, }  
Sheds from her slender horns a trembling light. }  
There caverns huge they view ; from these arise  
The wat'ry stores that yield the earth supplies, 275.  
To run in rills, in gushing springs ascend,  
To flow in rivers, or in lakes extend.  
There might they see whence Po and Ister came,  
Hydaspes, Ganges, and Euphrates' stream :  
Whence mighty Tanais first derives his course ; 280  
And Nilus there reveals his secret source.  
Deep underneath they next a flood behold,  
Where sulphur, mix'd with living silver, roll'd :  
Till these by Sol's enliv'ning rays refin'd,  
In solid gold or lucid crystal shin'd ! 285

Along the banks they saw, on either side,  
Unnumber'd jewels deck the wealthy tide :  
From these, by fits, a flashing splendor play'd,  
And chac'd the horrors of the dusky shade.  
There shines the sapphire gay, with azure bright, 290  
And there the jacinth gives a pleasing light :  
There flames the ruby ; there the di'mond beams :  
And milder there the verdant em'rald gleams !

The warriors still pursu'd their rev'rend guide ;  
These wond'rous scenes in deep amazement ty'd 295  
Each various sense ; till prudent Ubald broke  
The silence first, and thus the sage bespoke :—  
Say, Father, what the place we now behold ?  
Where do'st thou lead ? and what thy state, unfold ?  
Scarce can I tell, bewilder'd with surprize, 300  
If truth I view, or dreams deceive my eyes !

Then he :—Lo ! here the spacious womb of earth,  
Where all productions first receive their birth :  
Nor could you thus her entrails dark explore  
Without my guidance and superior pow'r : 305  
Now to my palace I your steps convey :  
(My palace shining with resplendent day)-  
A Pagan was I born, but gracious Heav'n  
A second life, by cleansing streams, has giv'n.  
Think not these wonders that confound your thought,  
By influence of the Stygian angels wrought. 310  
Heav'n shield I should invoke Cocytus' shore,  
Or Phlegethon with impious arts implore ;  
But well my knowledge from its source reveals  
The virtue ev'ry plant or spring conceals : 315

I meditate the stars, explore the cause  
Of nature's works, and trace her secret laws.  
Yet deem not, ever distant from the skies,  
In subterranean seats my dwelling lies ;  
For oft on Lebanon, or Carmel's brow, 320  
I make abode, and view the world below.  
There Mars and Venus to my searching eyes,  
Without a cloud, in all their aspects rise.  
Each star I know, of swift or ling'ring course,  
Of mild appearance, or malignant force : 325  
Beneath my feet the vapours I survey,  
Now dark, and now with Iris' colours gay..  
What exhalations, rains, and dews compose,  
I mark ; and how the wind obliquely blows :  
What fires the lightning, how the bolt descends, 330  
And thro' the air a dreadful passage rends.  
There, near at hand, I see the meteors stream,  
And wand'ring comets dart a fiery gleam !  
Elate with pride, I deem'd my art could soar  
To ev'ry height, and fathom heav'nly pow'r. 335  
But when your Peter, in the sacred flood,  
With mystic rites my sinful soul renew'd,  
I rais'd my thoughts, and own'd my wisdom's boast,  
Without a guide divine, in darkness lost !  
The minds of men, in truth's immortal ray, 340  
Appear like birds of night before the day !  
Inly I smil'd my follies past to view,  
From which so late my empty pride I drew :  
Yet (so your pious hermit gave command)  
I still my former magic arts retain'd : 345

But all my knowledge now obeys his word,  
'Tis his to bid, my teacher and my lord !  
He now vouchsafes with me (a worthless name !)  
T'entrust a task more righteous hands might claim.  
To me he gives to call from distant lands 350  
Th'unconquer'd hero to his social bands.  
Long have I stay'd your coming to behold ;  
For this event the holy sage foretold.

Thus spoke the sire ; and now the knights he show'd  
Where in the lonely rock he made abode : 355  
The mansion, like an ample cave, was seen,  
And halls and stately rooms appear'd within.  
There shone whate'er th'all-breeding earth contains  
Of riches nourish'd in her fruitful veins :  
There native splendor dwells in ev'ry part, 360  
And nature rises o'er the works of art !  
A hundred duteous slaves obsequious stand  
T'attend the guests, and wait their lord's command ;  
Magnificent the plenteous board is plac'd,  
With vases huge of gold and crystal grac'd. 365  
At length the rage of thirst and hunger fled ;  
The wise magician to the warriors said,  
'Tis time what most imports should now be shown ;  
To you, in part, Armida's arts are known :  
How to the camp she came, and thence convey'd 370  
The bravest champions, by her wiles betray'd.  
Full well you know that these, in bonds restrain'd,  
Th'insidious dame within her tow'r detain'd ;  
And sent them guarded thence to Gaza's land,  
When fortune, in the way, releas'd their band. 375

It now remains for me th'events to tell  
(As yet unknown) which since that time befel.

Soon as th'enchantress saw her pris'ners lost,  
Her schemes defeated, and her labours crost,  
Oppress'd with sudden grief, her hands she wrung,  
And thus exclaim'd, with raging fury stung : — 381

Then shall he live to boast th'audacious deed ?  
My guards defeated, and my captives freed !  
No : if his arms to others freedom give,  
Let him in pains and shameful bondage live : 385  
Nor he alone my just revenge shall claim,  
My rage shall burst on all the Christian name !

Furious she spoke ; and as she spoke, design'd  
A new device within her fraudulent mind.  
She sought the plain, where late Rinaldo's might 390  
Her warriors vanquish'd, and dispers'd in fight ;  
The battle o'er, his mail the chief unbrac'd,  
And on his limbs a Pagan's armour lac'd.  
Perchance he sought to veil his glorious name,  
Conceal'd in humbler dress, unknown to fame. 395  
His arms th'enchantress took ; in these enclos'd  
A headless trunk, and near a stream expos'd.  
Here well she knew that, charg'd with daily care,  
A band of Franks would from the camp repair :  
And fast beside she station'd in the shade 400  
A crafty slave, in shepherd's garb array'd.  
Instructed well suspicion's bane to spread,  
He first amongst your troops th'infection shed ;  
That, wide diffusing, scatter'd discord far,  
And threaten'd direful rage and civil war. 405

Thus, as her arts design'd, the Christian train  
Believ'd by Godfrey brave Rinaldo slain.  
Till soon to all confess'd the truth appear'd,  
And jealous doubts from ev'ry breast were clear'd.  
Behold the first device Armida try'd ; 410  
Now mark what next her wily thoughts employ'd.  
The sorc'ress stay'd by fam'd Orontes' stream,  
Till near the banks the young Rinaldo came ;  
Where from the main a parting riv'let glides,  
And forms an island in the limpid tides. 415  
There, by the shore, a little bark appear'd ;  
A marble pillar close beside was rear'd ;  
On this, as in suspense, a while he stood,  
Engrav'd in gold these words the hero view'd :—

O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led 420  
By choice or fate these lonely shores to tread,  
No greater wonders east and west can boast,  
Than yon small island on its pleasing coast.  
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,  
This current pass, and seek the further shore. 425

Th'uncautious warrior with th'advice comply'd,  
And, curious, turn'd, resolv'd to cross the tide ;  
But, for the bark could only one contain,  
Alone he pass'd, and bade his 'squires remain.  
Now, to the land th'impatient hero brought, 430  
With eager looks, the promis'd wonders sought ;  
Yet nought beheld but meadows deck'd with flow'rs,  
Clear waters, cooling caves, and shady bow'rs.  
Th'enticing scenes a while the youth delay'd ;  
He stretch'd his weary limbs beneath the shade ; 435

With these the warrior's arms and legs enfolds,  
And gently thus in flow'ry fetters holds !  
Then, while in soft repose he senseless lies,  
She lays him on her car, and cuts the skies.  
Nor seeks she to regain Damascus lands, 500  
Or where, with waves enclos'd, her castle stands ;  
But jealous of her prize, and fill'd with shame,  
In ocean's vast profound she hides her flame :  
Where from our coast no bark the billow ploughs,  
There, 'midst circumfluent tides, an isle she chose :  
Then to a mountain's lofty summit flies, 506  
Forlorn and wild, expos'd to stormy skies :  
She clothes the foot and sides with dreary snows,  
While on the brow eternal verdure grows :  
There rear'd by spells, and more than mortal hands,  
Beside a lake her specious palace stands ; 511  
Where, in unfailing spring and shameful ease,  
Th'imprison'd champion leads his am'rous days.  
'Tis yours the jealous sorc'ress' guards to quell,  
That watch th'ascent, and near the palace dwell. 515  
Nor shall you want a guide your course to lead ;  
Nor arms t'assist you in th'advent'rous deed.  
Soon as you quit my stream, your eyes shall view  
A dame, tho' old in years, of youthful hue ;  
Known by the locks that o'er her forehead play, 520  
And changeful robes with various colours gay.  
'Tis hers to guide you to the task decreed,  
With more than eagle's wings or lightning's speed :  
'Tis hers to waft you o'er the wat'ry plain,  
And safe return you from the roaring main. 525

The mount ascending, on whose tow'ring height  
Th'enchantress dwells, remote from human sight,  
Then shall you num'rous savage forms behold :  
There Pythons hiss in dreadful volumes roll'd ;  
With horrid bristles stands the foaming boar ; 530  
With gaping jaws the bear and lion roar !  
Then sudden shake this potent wand around,  
And all with fear shall fly the hissing sound.  
But when your feet the steepy summit gain,  
Yet greater perils in your way remain : 535  
A fountain rises there, whose streams invite  
Th'admiring stranger, and the thirst excite ;  
But, deep within, th'alluring crystal hides  
A secret venom in its treach'rous tides :  
One fatal draught can strange effects dispense, 540  
And fill with dire delight the madding sense :  
Unbidden laughter swells the panting breath,  
Till lo ! the dread convulsion ends in death !  
But far, ah ! far from thence with speed remove,  
Nor let your lips the deadly waters prove : 545  
Nor let the banks, with tasteful viands grac'd,  
Invite your senses to the rich repast :  
Nor heed th'enticing dames, whose voice decoys,  
Whose beauty poisons, and whose smile destroys.  
O ! fly their looks, their guileful words despise ! 550  
And enter where the lofty gates arise.  
Within, high walls with winding paths surround  
The secret dwelling, and the search confound :  
Maze within maze distracts the doubtful sight :  
A map shall guide your wand'ring steps aright. 555



Amidst the lab'rinth lies the magic grove,  
Where ev'ry leaf impregnate seems with love:  
There shall you view, beneath th'embow'ring shade,  
Th'enamour'd champion and the damsel laid.  
But when a while th'enchantress shall depart, 560  
And leave behind the partner of her heart,  
Then sudden issue forth, to light reveal'd,  
And shew the knight my adamantine shield:  
There shall he see, reflected to his eyes,  
His own resemblance, and obscure disguise: 565  
Th'ignoble sight his gen'rous wrath shall move,  
And banish from his breast inglorious love.  
No more remains to tell; 'tis yours alone  
To take secure the path my words have shown;  
Safe thro' the winding maze to bend your course, 570  
Nor fear th'opposing spells of magic force:  
Not e'en Armida (such is Heav'n's decree)  
Can your arrival, by her arts, foresee.  
Nor less, returning from th'enchanted seat,  
Propitious pow'rs shall favour your retreat. 575  
But now the wasting hours to sleep invite,  
The morn must see you rise with dawning light.  
Thus spoke the rev'rend sage; and, speaking, led  
The knights to slumber on a downy bed:  
There, fill'd with joy and wonder, either guest 580  
He left; and thence himself retir'd to rest.

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THE  
FIFTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE two knights take their leave of the hermit, and embark in a vessel, steered by a female pilot. Their voyage along the Mediterranean described. They pass the Streights, and proceed to the Fortunate Islands. Their conversation with the pilot during the voyage. They arrive at the Island of Armida, where the knights land, who overcome all the obstacles they meet with in ascending the mountain, and afterwards withstand all the various allurements of pleasure offered to their senses.

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THE  
FIFTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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Now rose the ruddy morn with gladsome ray,  
And 'waken'd mortals to the toils of day ;  
When to the knights the sage the buckler bore,  
The map, and golden wand of wond'rous pow'r :  
Prepare t'attempt your arduous way (he cries) 5  
Ere yonder sun advances o'er the skies.

These are my promis'd gifts, and these your arms  
To quell th'enchantress, and dissolve her charms.

At once the warriors rose, and, eager, round  
Their limbs robust the shining armour bound. 10  
Thence, as the hermit led, they bent their way  
Thro' paths ne'er lighted by the cheerful day ;  
Again their former steps returning tread :  
But when they reach'd the river's secret bed,  
I now dismiss you from my care (he cry'd) 15  
Farewell ! and prosp'rous fortune be your guide !

Soon as they came where still the parted flood  
On either side a crystal mountain stood,  
The waters clos'd, and from the depth upbore  
The knights, and left them on the flow'ry shore. 20  
So, from the branch, by winds autumnal torn,  
Light on the tide the scatter'd leaves are borne.  
Now from the bank their eyes around they threw,  
And soon beheld the promis'd guide in view.  
Amidst the stream a little bark appear'd, 25  
A virgin, at the stern, the vessel steer'd :  
Depending ringlets o'er her forehead stray,  
And mild benevolence her looks display :  
Her lovely features beams effulgent shed,  
And heav'nly glories blaze around her head. 30  
Her vesture gay a thousand colours shows ;  
Now flames with red, and now with azure glows :  
At ev'ry turn it shifts the transient light,  
And cheats, with momentary hues, the sight !  
Such various grace the billing dove assumes, 35  
Whose gentle neck is cloth'd with glossy plumes ;  
For ever new the vary'd feathers play,  
Reflecting ev'ry tint of ev'ry ray ;  
While, as they move, successive beauties rise,  
And fill with strange delight the gazer's eyes ! 40  
Favour'd of Heav'n ! ascend this bark (she cry'd)  
In which secure I plough the swelling tide :  
The stormy winds their wonted rage restrain,  
While safe in this each freight may pass the main.  
From him whose sov'reign mercies wide extend, 45  
*I come, at once, your pilot and your friend !*

So spoke the dame ; and hast'ning to the land,  
The crooked keel divides the yielding strand.  
Soon as her bark the nobler pair receives,  
She quits the shore, and swift the water cleaves ; 50  
Then gives the spreading canvas to the wind,  
And guides the vessel from the helm behind.  
So wide, so deep the river swells its tide,  
That lofty ships might there securely ride ;  
Tho' now a shallow stream could well suffice, 55  
So light the pinnacle o'er the surface flies !  
Now, rising from the land, th'inspiring gales  
With prosp'rous breath distend the bellying sails :  
The foaming stream is white with froth before ;  
Behind the stern the parted waters roar. 60  
At length they came where, 'midst its mightier waves,  
The sea's vast gulph the river's store receives.

Soon as the vessel gains the briny tides,  
The winds are hush'd, the angry surge subsides :  
The clouds disperse, the south forgets to blow, 65  
That threaten'd tempests to the world below :  
Light zephyrs only brush along the main,  
And scarcely curl the smooth cerulean plain.

By Ascalon they pass'd ; to left they veer'd,  
And tow'rd the west the rapid vessel steer'd. 70  
Then gliding swift, to Gaza next they came,  
(An ancient harbour not unknown to fame.)  
But now, from many a neighb'ring ruin great,  
An ample city, and a potent state !  
The warriors, from the bark, beheld the shore 75  
With tents of various nations cover'd o'er :

There horse and foot along the crowded way  
Swarm thick between the city and the sea ;  
There loaded camels move in solemn state,  
And the huge elephant's unwieldy weight. 80  
Safe in the port they see the vessels ride,  
Or floating loose, or at their anchors ty'd.  
Some hoist their spreading sails, while others sweep,  
With level strokes, the surface of the deep.  
Then thus the guiding maid:—Tho' here we view 85  
The thronging numbers of this impious crew,  
Yet these that fill the seas and line the shore,  
Compose not all the mighty tyrant's pow'r.  
These Egypt and the neighb'ring lands supply :  
But other aids he waits that distant lie. 90  
Far to the east extends his ample sway,  
To realms that burn beneath the southern ray ;  
And hence I trust our swift return to make  
Ere these, departing, shall their tents forsake.

While thus she spoke, as thro' th' aerial space, 95  
An eagle tow'rs above the feather'd race ;  
Till soaring in the sun, the sharpest eye  
No more can trace his progress thro' the sky :  
So 'midst the ships the bark its passage cleaves,  
And far behind the less'ning navy leaves. 100  
Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's tow'rs they sail,  
(The town that first Egyptian pilots hail  
On Syria's land) then near the shore they fly,  
And Rhinocera's barren sands espy.  
Not far from thence a mountain, crown'd with wood,  
Casts a brown shadow o'er the subject flood : 106

Around its rocky foot the billows rave :  
There hapless Pompey's bones obtain'd a grave.  
Fair Damiata next the eye surveys,  
Where ancient Nile his sacred tribute pays 110  
Thro' sev'n wide mouths, and many a stream beside,  
His waters mingling with the briny tide.  
They pass the city rais'd by him \*, whose name  
To latest times shall bear the Grecian fame.  
By Pharos then they glide, an isle no more ; 115  
An isthmus now projecting from the shore.  
Nor Rhodes nor Crete they to the north survey,  
But near the climes of Afric speed their way.  
Fruitful her coast : but, more remote, her lands  
Are fill'd with monsters dire and burning sands. 120  
By Marmarique they steer'd, and now they pass'd  
Where five fair cities fam'd Cyrene grac'd.  
Here Ptolemais stands ; and here they view  
Whence his slow stream the fabl'd Lethe drew.  
The greater Syrtes next (the sailor's fear) 125  
They leave aloof, and far to seaward veer :  
And now Judeca's cape behind them stood ;  
And now they left the mouth of Magra's flood.  
Now Tripoly's high rising tow'rs espy'd ;  
Now Malta scarcely o'er the waves descry'd. 130  
The Syrtes past ; Alzerbé they beheld,  
Where once the race that fed on Lotos dwell'd.  
Tunis they see, whose crooked shores display,  
With circumjacent arms, a spacious bay :  
Tunis, the rich ; a place well known to fame : 135  
No Lybian city boasts a greater name.

\* ALEXANDER.



Near this Sicilia's fertile lands are spread ;  
There Lilybœum rears its lofty head.

Now to the knights the damsel-pilot shew'd  
The spot where once imperial Carthage stood. 140

Ill-fated Carthage ! scarce, amidst the plains,  
A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains !  
Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay ;  
The world's unstable glories fade away !  
Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain ! 145  
O impious folly of presuming man !

From thence they see Biserta's spires arise ;  
Far to the right Sardinia's island lies :  
They view where once the rude Numidian swain  
Pursu'd a wand'ring life, from plain to plain. 150  
Algiers and Burgia then they reach, the seat  
Of impious corsairs ; next Oran they greet ;  
And now by Mauritania's strand proceed,  
Where elephants and hungry lions breed.  
Morocco here and Fez their cities rear ; 155  
To these oppos'd, Granada's lands appear.

At length they came where, press'd in narrow bounds,  
Between the capes the boiling deep resounds.  
'Tis feign'd that first Alcides forc'd a way,  
And gave this passage to th'indignant sea. 160  
And here, perchance, a lengthen'd tract of land,  
With one continu'd mound the flood restrain'd ;  
But now the furious main, with rushing tides,  
From tow'ring Calpe Abyla divides ;  
A streight 'twixt Lybia now and Spain appears : 165  
Such is the force of time, and change of years !

Four times the east had seen the rising sun  
 Since first its wond'rous course the bark begun :  
 Nor shelt'ring bays, nor ports its speed delay ;  
 It shoots the streight, and leaves the midland sea. 170  
 But what are seas to ocean's vast profound,  
 Whose circling arms the spacious earth surround !

Soon from the sight, amid the waves, are lost  
 The fertile Gades, and each neighb'ring coast.  
 Behind, the less'ning shores retreating fly ; 175  
 Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the sky.

Then Ubald thus began :—Say Thou ! whose pow'r  
 Gives us these endless waters to explore,  
 Did ever prow before these seas divide ?  
 Do mortals here in distant worlds reside ? 180  
 He ceas'd ; the virgin-pilot thus reply'd :—

When great Alcides had the monsters slain  
 That wasted Lybia and the realms of Spain,  
 Your lands subdu'd, at yonder streight he stay'd ;  
 Nor durst old Ocean's surgy gulph invade. 185  
 He fix'd his pillars there, in vain design'd  
 To curb the searching spirit of mankind.  
 Urg'd by desire new regions to explore,  
 Ulysses scorn'd the confines of the shore :  
 He pass'd the bound'ry, loos'ning to the gales, 190  
 Amidst the wider flood, his daring sails :  
 But all his skill in naval arts was vain ;  
 He sunk entomb'd beneath the roaring main.  
 And those, by tempests forc'd amidst the waves,  
 Have ne'er return'd, or found untimely graves. 195  
 Hence, undiscover'd, still the seas remain  
 That num'rous isles and mighty states contain.

Inhabitants abound on many a coast ;  
The lands, like yours, their fertile produce boast ;  
Where, not ungrateful to the lab'ers toil, 200  
The sun, prolific, warms the pregnant soil.

Then Ubald :—Of those climes, remov'd afar,  
The manners and religious rites declare.  
Various their lives (the virgin thus rejoin'd) ;  
Their speech, their customs, are of various kind. 205  
Some worship beasts, the stars, or solar pow'r ;  
And earth, the common parent, some adore.  
There are who stain their feasts with human blood,  
And load their dreadful board with horrid food :  
And ev'ry land, from Calpe's tow'ring heights, 210  
Is nurs'd in impious faith and cruel rites !

Will then that pitying God (the knight reply'd)  
Who came with heav'nly truths mankind to guide,  
Leave, far excluded from the sacred light,  
So large a portion of the world in night ? 215

O no ! the faith of CHRIST shall there be spread,  
(She cry'd) and science rear her laurell'd head.  
Think not this length of ocean's whelming tide  
Shall from your future search those climes divide :  
The time shall come when sailors, yet unborn, 220  
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn :  
Lands now unknown, and seas without a name,  
Shall then thro' all your realms extend their fame :  
Perils untry'd, some future ship shall brave,  
And cut, with daring course, the distant wave ; 225  
Thro' all the flood's unfathom'd currents run,  
Gird the vast globe, and emulate the sun.

From fair Liguria, see th'advent'rer rise,  
Whose courage first the threat'ning passage tries.  
Nor raging seas, by furious whirlwinds tost ; 230  
Nor doubtful prospects of th'uncertain coast,  
Shall, in the streights of Abyla confin'd,  
Detain the ardor of his dauntless mind !  
'Tis thou, Columbus ! to another pole  
Shalt rear the mast, and o'er the surges roll ; 235  
While, with a thousand wings, and thousand eyes,  
Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies !  
Let Bacchus or Alcides claim her praise,  
Thy worth, in future time, her trump shall raise :  
Thy deeds shall last in story'd annals long, 240  
The copious subject of some poet's song.

She said, and westward steer'd before the wind,  
Then gently, tow'rds the south, her sails inclin'd.  
Now in their front they see the sun descend,  
And now the morn behind her beams extend ; 245  
But when Aurora, from her radiant head,  
Had all around her pearly moisture shed,  
Before their eyes a mountain huge appear'd,  
That 'midst the clouds its lofty summit rear'd.  
Near as they came, the fleeting clouds withdrew, 250  
And, like a pyramid, it shew'd to view :  
From whence black curling smoke was seen to rise ;  
As where 'tis feign'd th'Ætnean giant lies  
Transfix'd, and breathes eruptions to the skies. }  
By day thick vapours from the mouth aspire ; 255  
By night terrific flames of ruddy fire.

Then other islands 'midst the main they 'spy'd,  
And lands, less steepy, rising o'er the tide.

Delightful isles, renown'd of ancient date,  
And stil'd, by tuneful bards, the Fortunate. 260  
'Twas said that Heav'n to these such grace allow'd,  
No shining share th'unlabour'd furrows plough'd.  
The lands, untill'd, could plenteous crops produce;  
And vines, unprun'd, supply nectareous juice.  
Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green: 265  
From hollow oaks was liquid honey seen.  
The rivers murm'ring from the hills above,  
With crystal streams renew'd the vernal grove.  
No sultry heat oppress'd the grateful day;  
Soft dews and zephyrs cool'd the solar ray. 270  
And here were feign'd the mansions of the blest,  
Th'Elysian seats of everlasting rest.

To these the damsel steer'd, and thus begun:—  
Behold, O chiefs! our destin'd course is run:  
The isles of Fortune to your sight appear, 275  
Whose fame, tho' doubtful, yet has reach'd your ear:  
Fair is their soil; but fame each wonder swells,  
And ev'ry truth, with added fiction, tells.  
While thus she spoke, along the main they flew,  
Till near the foremost isle their vessel drew. 280  
Then Charles began:—O ever sacred dame!  
If this the cause permits for which we came,  
Grant that our feet a while may tread the shore,  
To view a race and land unknown before;  
T'observe their rites, and mark with curious eyes  
Whate'er may claim th'attention of the wise: 285  
So may our lips declare, in future time,  
The wonders witness'd in this foreign clime.

Your suit demands my praise (the maid replies)  
But Heav'n's decree the bold request denies. 290  
The time arrives not yet, by God design'd,  
To give the great discov'ry to mankind :  
Nor must you, back from ocean's bosom borne,  
With certain tidings to your world return.  
To you, beyond the sailor's art, 'tis giv'n 295  
To pass these billows, by the will of Heav'n ;  
To rouse your champion from his fatal sleep,  
And safe convey him o'er the wat'ry deep :  
Let this suffice—with prouder thoughts elate,  
'Twere impious folly to contend with fate. 300

Thus while she spoke, the foremost isle withdrew,  
And soon the second gain'd upon the view :  
She shew'd the warriors how the islands lay,  
In order rang'd against the rising day.  
The lands with equal space the sea divides, 305  
And rolls between the shores its beating tides.  
In sev'n are seen the marks of human care,  
Where cultur'd fields and rural cots appear :  
But three a barren desert soil reveal,  
Where savage beasts in woods and mountains dwell.

Amidst these isles, a lone recess they found, 310  
Where circling shores the subject flood surround,  
And, far within, a spacious bay enclose ;  
Sharp rocks, without, the rushing surge oppose ;  
Two lofty cliffs before the entrance rise, 315  
A welcome sign to future sailors eyes :  
Within, the waves repose in peace serene ;  
Black forests nod above : a sylvan scene !

A grotto opens in the living stone,  
Where verdant moss and ivy-leaves o'ergrown : 320  
The grateful shade a gentle murmur fills,  
While o'er the pavement glide the lucid rills.  
No cables need the floating ships secure ;  
No bearded anchors here the vessels moor.  
To this retreat, her course, the pilot bore, 325  
And, ent'ring, furl'd her sails, and reach'd the shore.

Behold (she cry'd) where yonder structure stands,  
Rais'd on the mountain, and the isle commands !  
There, lost in festive sloth, in folly lost,  
Slumbers the champion of the Christian host. 330  
'Tis yours, when next the sun forsakes the deep,  
With lab'ring feet t'ascend the threat'ning steep :  
Meanwhile, this short delay with ease be borne ;  
All times are luckless save the hour of morn :  
But to the mountain's foot pursue your way, 335  
While yet remains the light of parting day.

Thus she ; the word th'impatient warriors took,  
And, leaping from the bark, the strand forsook.  
With ready steps a pleasing road they crost,  
And all their toils in sweet delusion lost. 340  
At length th'expected hill's broad base they gain  
(The sun yet hov'ring o'er the western main) ;  
From hence their eyes the arduous height survey,  
The pendent ruins, and the rocky way.  
Inclement frost the mountain's sides deforms ; 345  
And all around is white with wint'ry storms.  
The lofty summit yields a milder scene,  
With budding flow'rs and groves, for ever green !

There ends the frozen clime ; there lilies blow ;  
There roses blush upon the bord'ring snow ; 350  
There youthful spring, and hoary winter here ;  
Such pow'r has magic o'er the changing year !

Now at the mountain's foot the heroes stay'd  
And slept, secure, beneath a cavern's shade :  
But when the sun (eternal fount of day ! ) 355  
Spread o'er the laughing skies his golden ray,  
At once they rose, at once their course renew'd,  
And up the steep ascent the way pursu'd.  
When lo ! a serpent, rushing from his cell,  
Oppos'd their passage, horrible and fell ! 360  
Aloft his head and squalid crest he held,  
Bestreak'd with gold ; his neck with anger swell'd ;  
Fire fill'd his eyes ; he hid the path beneath ;  
And smoke and poison issu'd with his breath.  
Now in thick curls his scaly length he wound ; 365  
Now trail'd his op'ning folds along the ground.  
Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,  
Yet on the heroes press'd with fearless pace.  
The Dane his falchion draws, and eager flies  
T'assail the snake, when, sudden, Ubald cries 370  
Forbear ! can arms like these our foes repel ?  
And think'st thou thus the monster's rage to quell ?

He said ; and shook the golden wand around ;  
The serpent fled, astonish'd at the sound.  
The knights proceed ; a lion fierce descends, 375  
And, roaring loud, the dang'rous pass defends.  
He rolls his fiery eyes, his mane he rears ;  
Wide as a gulph his gaping mouth appears ;



His lashing tail his slumb'ring wrath awakes :  
 But when his potent rod the warrior shakes,      380  
 Unusual fears the dreadful beast surprize,  
 Sunk in his rage, he trembles, and he flies !  
 Still on they pass'd ; but soon a num'rous host  
 Of monsters dire their daring passage crost.  
 In various shapes the ghastly troops appear ;      385  
 With various yells they rend the startled ear.  
 Each savage form that roves the burning sands,  
 From distant Nilus to the Lybian lands,  
 Here seem'd to dwell, with all the beasts that roam  
 Hircania's woods, or deep Hircinia's gloom !      390  
 But not their numbers could the chiefs detain ;  
 The pow'rful wand made all their fury vain.  
 These dangers past, the conqu'ring pair ascend ;  
 Now near the brow their eager steps they bend ;  
 Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the sinking snows      395  
 And slipp'ry ice a while their course oppose.  
 But when, at length, they reach the rocky height,  
 A spacious level opens to their sight.  
 There youthful spring salutes th'enraptur'd eye,  
 Unfading verdure, and a gladsome sky ;      400  
 Eternal zephyrs thro' the groves prevail,  
 And incense breathes in ev'ry balmy gale.  
 No irksome change th'unvary'd climate knows  
 Of heat alternate, and alternate snows :  
 A genial pow'r the tender herbage feeds,      405  
 And decks with ev'ry sweet the smiling meads ;  
 Diffuses soft perfumes from ev'ry flow'r,  
 And clothes with lasting shade each rural bow'r :

There rear'd aloft a stately palace stands,  
Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands.

The warriors, weary'd with the steep ascent, 411

More slowly o'er th' enamell'd meadow went;

Oft looking back, their former toils review'd,

Now paus'd a while, and now their course pursu'd.

When sudden, falling from the rocky heights, 415

A copious stream the trav'ler's thirst excites;

From hence a thousand rills dispersing flow,

And trickle thro' the grassy vale below.

At length, united all their diff'rent tides,

In verdant banks a gentle river glides. 420

With murm'ring sound a bow'ry gloom pervades,

And rolls its sable waves thro' pendent shades:

A cool retreat! the flow'ry border shows

A pleasing couch, inviting soft repose.

Behold the fatal spring where laughter dwells, 425

Dire poison lurking in its secret cells!

Here let us guard our thoughts, our passions rein,

And ev'ry loose desire in bonds detain:

A deafen'd ear to dulcet music lend,

Nor dare the syren's impious lays attend. 430

The knights advanc'd till, from their narrow bed,

Wide in a lake, the running waters spread.

There on the banks a sumptuous banquet plac'd,

With costly viands seem'd t'allure the taste.

Two blooming damsels in the water lave, 435

And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.

Now round in sport they dash the sprinkling tide;

And now with nimble strokes the stream divide:

Now, sunk at once, they vanish from the eyes ;  
And now again above the surface rise ! 440

The naked wantons, with enticing charms,  
Each warrior's bosom fill'd with soft alarms :  
As those their pastime, unconcern'd, pursue'd,  
While they stay'd their steps, and silent view'd,  
Till one erect in open light appear'd, 445

And o'er the stream her iv'ry bosom rear'd ;  
Her upward beauties to the sight reveal'd :  
The rest, beneath, the crystal scarce conceal'd !  
As when the morning star, with gentle ray,  
From seas emerging leads the purple day ; 450

As when, ascending from the genial flood,  
The queen of love on ocean's bosom stood,  
So seems the damsel, so her locks diffuse  
The pearly liquid in descending dews !  
Till on th'approaching chiefs she turn'd her eyes, 455

Then feign'd, with mimic fear, a coy surprize :  
Swift from her head she loos'd, with eager haste,  
The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd :  
The falling tresses, o'er her limbs display'd,  
Wrapt all her beauties in a golden shade ! 460

Thus hid in locks, and circl'd by the flood,  
With side-long glance, o'erjoy'd the knights she view'd.  
Her smiles, amid her blushes, lovelier show ;  
Amid her smiles, her blushes lovelier glow |  
At length she rais'd her voice, with melting art, 465  
Whose magic strains might pierce the firmest heart.

O happy strangers ! to whose feet 'tis giv'n  
To reach these blissful seats, this earthly heav'n !

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Here are those rapt'rous scenes, so fain'd of old,  
When early mortals view'd an age of gold. 470

No longer bear the helm, the falchion wield,  
The cumb'rous cors'let, or the weighty shield;  
Here hang your useless arms amidst the grove,  
The warriors now of peace-inspiring love!  
Our field of battle is the downy bed, 475

Or flow'ry turf amid the smiling mead.  
Then let us lead you to our sov'reign's eyes,  
From whose diffusive pow'r our blessings rise.  
She shall, amongst those few, your names receive,  
Elected here in endless joys to live. 480

But first refresh your limbs beneath the tide,  
And taste the viands which our cares provide.

She ceas'd; her lovely partner join'd her pray'r,  
With looks persuasive, and enticing air.  
So in the scene the active dancers bound, 485  
And move responsive to the tuneful sound.  
But firmly steel'd was either champion's heart  
Against their fraudulent strains and soothing art.  
Or if forbidden thoughts a wish inspire,  
And wake the slumb'ring seeds of wild desire, 490  
Soon to their aid assisting reason came,  
And quench'd the infant sparks of kindl'd flame.

Their arts, in vain, the vanquish'd damsels view'd;  
The warriors thence their fated way pursu'd:  
These seek the palace; those, indignant, hide 495  
Their shameful heads beneath the whelming tide.



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THE  
SIXTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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**C**HARLES and Ubald enter the palace of Armida. The gardens are described. Rinaldo is seen with his mistress. At the departure of Armida, the two knights discover themselves ; and Ubald reproves Rinaldo for his sloth and effeminacy. The youthful hero, filled with shame, abandons those seats of pleasure, and follows the guidance of his deliverers. Armida pursues him, and makes use of every argument to move him, but in vain : he endeavours to pacify her : she then breaks out into bitter reproaches, till, her strength being exhausted, she falls into a swoon. The three warriors go on board their vessel, and set sail for Palestine. Armida, recovering, finds her lover gone : she then gives herself up to rage, and, resolving on revenge, destroys her enchanted palace, and takes her flight to Egypt.

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THE  
SIXTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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ROUND was the form in which the palace rose ;  
Deep in the midst the circling walls enclose  
A sumptuous garden, whose delightful scene  
Eclips'd the fairest works of mortal men !  
The fiends had bent their skill a pile to raise 5  
Perplex'd with walks in many a devious maze :  
And in the center lay the magic bow'rs,  
Impervious to the search of human pow'rs !  
Now thro' the loftiest gate the warriors pass'd  
(A hundred gates the spacious structure grac'd) 10  
With sculptur'd silver, glorious to behold,  
The valves on hinges hung of burnish'd gold !  
Surpriz'd they saw, excell'd in ev'ry part,  
The rich materials by the sculptor's art.  
In all but speech, alive the figures rise ; 15  
Nor speech they seem to want to wond'ring eyes \



In female converse there (inglorious state!)  
 Alcides' midst Mæonia's damsels sate.  
 There he, who propp'd the stars and hell subdu'd,  
 The distaff bore; while love beside him stood, 20  
 And, with exulting smiles, his conquest view'd. }  
 There Iole was seen, whose feeble hand,  
 With pride the hero's pond'rous club sustain'd.  
 The lion's hide conceal'd theauteous dame:  
 Too rough a cov'ring for so soft a frame! 25  
 To this oppos'd, the chiefs a sea beheld;  
 Its azure field with frothy billows swell'd.  
 There, in the midst, two hostile navies ride;  
 Their arms, in lightning, flash from side to side.  
 Augustus, o'er his Romans, here commands: 30  
 There Anthony conducts, from eastern lands,  
 His Indian, Arab, and Egyptian bands. }  
 Thou would'st have thought the Cyclades upturn'd,  
 And hills with hills in horrid conflict borne,  
 So fierce the shock, when joining ship with ship, 35  
 The navies met amidst the roaring deep!  
 Firebrands and jav'lins fly from foe to foe;  
 Unusual slaughter stains the flood below.  
 Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight).  
 Behold where Cleopatra takes her flight. 40  
 See, Anthony, of fame forgetful, flies!  
 No more his hopes to glorious empire rise.  
 Yet o'er his soul no servile fear prevails;  
 Her flight alone impels his yielding sails.  
 Contending passions all his soul enflame; 45  
 Disdain and rage, and love and conscious shame:

While, with alternate gaze, he views from far  
 Her parting vessel, and the dubious war.  
 Now Nile receives him on his wat'ry breast;  
 There, in his mistress' arms he sinks to rest; 50  
 There seems, resign'd, the threat'ning hour to wait,  
 And soften, with her smiles, the stroke of fate.

With story'd labours thus the portals grac'd,  
 The heroes view'd, and thence intrepid pass'd.  
 And now they try'd the lab'rinth's winding maze: 55  
 As fam'd Meander moves a thousand ways;  
 Now rolls direct, now takes a devious course,  
 Now seems to seek again his native source:  
 The frequent turnings so their eyes deceiv'd:  
 But soon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd; 60  
 Display'd each various passage to their sight,  
 And led thro' paths oblique their steady sight.

The garden then unfolds a beautif'ul scene,  
 With flow'rs adorn'd, and ever-living green.  
 There silver lakes reflect the beaming day; 65  
 Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play:  
 Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise;  
 And groves, and caves, and grottos strike the eyes.  
 Art shew'd her utmost pow'r; but art conceal'd,  
 With greater charms the pleas'd attention held. 70  
 It seem'd as nature play'd a sportive part,  
 And strove to mock the mimic works of art!  
 By pow'rful magic breathes the vernal air,  
 And fragrant trees eternal blossoms bear:  
 Eternal fruits on ev'ry branch endure; 75  
 Those swelling from their buds, and these mature.

There, on one parent stock, the leaves among,  
 With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.  
 Depending apples here the boughs unfold ;  
 Those green in youth, these mellow'd into gold: 80  
 The vine, luxuriant, rears her arms on high,  
 And curls her tendrils to the genial sky :  
 There the crude grapes no grateful sweet produce ;  
 And, here impurpled, yield nectareous juice.  
 The joyous birds, conceal'd in ev'ry grove, 85  
 With gentle strife prolong the notes of love.  
 Soft zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round ;  
 The woods and waters yield a murmur'ing sound :  
 When cease the tuneful choir, the wind replies ;  
 But, when they sing, in gentle whispers dies : 90  
 By turns they sink, by turns their music raise,  
 And blend, in equal skill, harmonious lays.  
 Amongst the trees, with plumes of various dyes  
 And purple beaks, a lovely songster flies ;  
 Wond'rous to tell, with human speech indu'd, 95  
 He fills with vocal strains the blissful wood :  
 The birds attend, & close their silent wings,  
 While thus the charmer, the soothing charmer sings.

Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,  
 When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose : 100  
 When half inwapt, and half to view reveal'd,  
 She gives new pleasure from her charms conceal'd.  
 But when she shows her bosom wide display'd,  
 How soon her sweets exhale; her beauties fade !  
 No more she seems the flow'r so lately lov'd, 105  
 By virgins cherish'd, and by youths approv'd

So, swiftly fleeting with the transient day,  
Passes the flow'r of mortal life away !  
In vain the spring returns, the spring no more  
Can waning youth to former prime restore : 110  
Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,  
And, while to love 'tis giv'n, indulge in love !

He ceas'd : th'approving choir with joy renew  
Their rapt'rous music, and their loves pursue.  
Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill ; 115  
The feather'd nations take their am'rous fill.  
The oak, the chaster laurel seems to yield,  
And all the leafy tenants of the field :  
The earth and streams one soul appears to move :  
All seem impregnate with the seeds of love. 120

Thro' these alluring scenes of magic pow'r  
The virtuous warriors pass'd, and pass'd secure :  
When'twixt the quiv'ring boughs the light their sight,  
And see the damsel and the Christian knight.  
There sat Armida on a flow'ry bed ; 125  
Her wanton lap sustain'd the hero's head :  
Her op'ning veil her iv'ry bosom show'd ;  
Loose to the fanning breeze her tress flow'd ;  
A languor seem'd diffus'd o'er all her frame,  
And ev'ry feature glow'd with am'rous flame. 130  
The pearly moisture on her beauteous face  
Improv'd the blush, and heighten'd ev'ry grace :  
Her wand'ring eyes confess'd a pleasing fire,  
And shot the trembling beams of soft desire.  
Now, fondly hanging o'er, with head declin'd, 135  
Close to his cheek her lovely cheek she join'd :

While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,  
And drank, with eager thirst, new draughts of love.  
Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,  
She kiss'd his vermil lips and swimming eyes : 140  
Till from his inmost heart he heav'd a sigh,  
As if to hers his parting soul would fly !

All this the warriors from the shade survey,  
And mark, conceal'd, the lovers am'rous play.  
Dependent from his side (unusual sight ! ) 145  
Appear'd a polish'd mirror, beamy bright :  
This in his hand th' enamour'd champion rais'd :

On this, with smiles, the fair Armida gaz'd.  
She in the glass her form reflected 'spies :  
And he consults the mirror of her eyes : 150

One proud to rule, one prouder to obey ;  
He bless'd in her, and she in beauty's sway.  
Ah ! turn thy eyes on me (exclaims the knight)  
Those eyes that bless me with their heav'nly light !  
For know the pow'r that ev'ry lover warms, 155  
In this fond breast Armida's image forms.

Since I, alas, am scorn'd ! here turn thy sight,  
And view the native graces with delight :  
Here on that face thy ravish'd looks employ,  
Where springs eternal love, eternal joy ; 160  
Or rather range thro' yon celestial spheres,  
And view thy likeness in the radiant stars.

The lover ceas'd ; the fair Armida smil'd,  
And still with wanton play the time beguil'd.  
Now in a braid she bound her flowing hair ; 165  
Now smooth'd the roving locks with decent care.

Part, with her hand, in shining curls she roll'd,  
And deck'd, with azure flow'rs, the waving gold.  
Her veil compos'd, with roses sweet she dress'd  
The native lilies of her fragrant breast. 170  
Not half so proud, of glorious plumage vain,  
The peacock sits to view his glitt'ring train:  
Not Iris shews so fair, when dewy skies  
Reflect the changeful light with various dies.  
But o'er the rest her wond'rous cestus shin'd, 175  
Whose mystic round her tender waist confin'd.  
Here, unembod'y'd forms th'enchantress mix'd,  
By potent spells, and in a girdle fix'd:  
Repulses sweet, soft speech, and gay desires,  
And tender scorn that fans the lover's fires; 180  
Engaging smiles, short sighs of mutual bliss,  
The tear of transport, and the melting kiss;  
All these she join'd her pow'rful words to frame,  
And artful temper'd in th'inspiring flame.  
Now with a kiss, the balmy pledge of love, 185  
She left her knight, and issu'd from the grove.  
Each day, a while apart, the dame review'd  
Her magic labours, and her spells renew'd;  
While he, deep-musing, in her absence stray'd,  
A lonely lover midst the conscious shade. 190  
But when the silent glooms of friendly night  
To mutual bliss th'enamour'd pair invite;  
Beneath one roof, amid the bow'rs they lay,  
And lov'd, entrac'd, the fleeting hours away.  
Soon as Armida (so her arts requir'd) 195  
From gentle love to other cares retir'd,

The warriors, from their covert, rush'd to sight  
In radiant arms, that cast a gleamy light.

As when, from martial toil, the gen'rous steed  
Releas'd, is giv'n to range the verdant mead, 200

Forgetful of his former fame, he roves,  
And woos in slothful ease his dappl'd loves.  
If chance the trumpet's sound invade his ears,  
Or glitt'ring steel before his sight appears,  
He neighs aloud, and, furious, pants to bear 205

The valiant chief, and pierce the files of war!  
So fares Rinaldo when the knights he 'spies;  
When their bright armour lightens in his eyes,  
At once the glorious beams his soul inspire;  
His breast rekindles with a martial fire. 210

Then sudden, forth advancing, Ubald held  
Before the youth his adamantine shield:  
To this he turn'd; in this at once survey'd  
His own resemblance full in view display'd:  
His sweeping robes he saw, his flowing hair 215

With odours breathing, his luxuriant air:  
His sword, the only mark of warlike pride,  
Estrang'd from fight, hung idly at his side;  
And, wreath'd with flow'rs, seem'd worn for empty show;  
No dreadful weapon 'gainst a valiant foe. 220

As one whom long lethargic slumber ties,  
Recovers from his sleep with wild surprize,  
So from his trance awakes the Christian knight,  
Himself beholds, and sickens at the sight;  
And wishes op'ning earth his shame would hide, 225  
Or ocean veil him in its whelming tide.

Then 'Ubold thus began :— All Europe arms,  
And Asia's kingdoms catch the loud alarms.  
Now all that cherish fame, or CHRIST adore,  
In shining armour press the Syrian shore : 230  
While thee, Bertoldo's son, from glory's plains,  
A narrow isle in shameful rest detains !  
Alone regardless of the voice of fame,  
Th'ignoble champion of a wanton dame !  
What fatal pow'r can thus thy sense controul ? 235  
What sloth suppress the virtues of thy soul ?  
Rise ! rise !—thee Godfrey, thee the camp incites :  
'Tis fortune calls, and victory invites !  
Come, fated warrior ! bid the fight succeed ;  
And crush those foes thou oft hast made to bleed ; 240  
Now let each impious sect thy vengeance feel,  
And fall extinct beneath thy conqu'ring steel.

He ceas'd. A while the youth in silence mus'd,  
All motionless he stood, with looks confus'd :  
Till shame gave way, and stronger anger rose ; 245  
(A gen'rous anger that from reason flows)  
O'er all his face a noble ardor flies,  
Flames on his cheek, and sparkles from his eyes.

Now, hast'ning from the bow'r, their way they hold,  
And safely pass the lab'rinth's winding fold. 250  
Meanwhile Armida view'd, with deep dismay,  
Where, breathless at the gate, the keeper lay :  
Then first suspicion in her bosom grew ;  
And soon her lover's flight too well she knew :  
Herself beheld the darling hero fly : 255  
O direful prospect to a lover's eye !



Where wouldst thou go, and leave me here alone?—  
She strove to say ; but, with a rising groan,  
Too mighty grief her feeble words suppress,  
Which deep remurmur'd in her tortur'd breast. 260  
Ah wretched fair! a greater pow'r disarms,  
A greater wisdom mocks thy frustrate charms!  
This sees the dame, who ev'ry art applies  
To stay his flight : in vain each art she tries.  
Whate'er the witches of Thessalia's train 265  
E'er mutter'd to the shades with lips profane,  
That could the planets in their spheres controul,  
Or call from prisons drear the parted soul,  
Full well she knew ; but all in vain essay'd ;  
No hell, responsive, her commands obey'd. 270  
Abandon'd thus, she next resolv'd to prove  
If suppliant beauty more than spells could move.

See where, regardless of her former fame,  
All wild with anguish, runs the furious dame!  
She who so late the laws of love despis'd ! 275  
Who scorn'd the lover, tho' the love she priz'd !  
Whose conqu'ring eyes could ev'ry heart subdue!  
Behold her now a lover's steps pursue !  
With soft persuasive grief her look she arms,  
And bathes with tears her now neglected charms. 280  
O'er rocks and snows her tender feet she plies,  
And sends her voice before her as she flies.

O thou ! who bear'st away my yielding heart,  
Who robb'st me of my best, my dearest part,  
O ! give me death—or once again restore 285  
My murder'd peace—thy hasty flight give o'er !

Hear my last words—I ask no parting kiss ;  
For happier lips reserve that mighty bliss :  
What canst thou fear, ah cruel ! to comply,  
Since still with thee remains the pow'r to fly ? 290

Then Ubald thus :—A while thy speed forbear,  
And lend her woes, O prince, a courteous ear !  
The praise be thine thy virtue to retain,  
And hear, unmov'd, the vanquish'd syren's strain :  
So reason shall extend her sacred sway, 295  
And teach the subject passions to obey.

He said. Rinaldo stay'd ; and sudden came,  
Breathless, o'erspent with haste, the hapless dame.  
Deep sorrow spread o'er all her languid air ;  
Yet sweet in woe, and beauteous in despair ! 300  
Silent on him her eager look she bent ;  
Disdain, and fear, and shame, her speech prevent ;  
While, from her eyes, the knight, abash'd, withdrew ;  
Or snatch'd, with wary glance, a transient view.

As fam'd musicians, ere the notes they raise 305  
To charm the list'ning ear with tuneful lays,  
With accents low, in prelude soft, prepare  
The rapt attention for the promis'd air,  
So she, yet mindful of her fraudulent art,  
Would soften, ere she spoke, the hearer's heart : 310  
First breath'd a sigh, to melt the tender breast ;  
Then thus, at length, these plaintive words address :—

Ah cruel ! think not now I come to prove  
The pray'rs that lovers might to lovers move !  
Such once we were ! — But if thou scorn'st the name,  
Yet grant the pity foes from foes may claim. 316

If me thy hate pursues, enjoy thy hate ;  
I seek not to disturb thy happy state !  
A Pagan born, I ev'ry means employ'd  
T'oppress the Christians, and their pow'r divide. 320  
Thee I pursu'd, and thee secluded far,  
In distant climates, from the sound of war.  
But more, which deeper seems thy scorn to move,  
Add how I since deceiv'd thee to my love.  
O foul deceit !—to yield my virgin flow'r ; 325  
To give my beauties to another's pow'r !  
To let one favour'd youth that gift obtain,  
Which thousands fondly sought, but sought in vain !  
These are my frauds ; let these thy wrath engage ;  
Such crimes may well demand a lover's rage ! 330  
So may'st thou part without one tender thought,  
And be these dear abodes at once forgot !  
Haste !—pass the seas !—thy flying sails employ ;  
Go, wage the combat, and our faith destroy !—  
Our faith, alas !—Ah, no !—my faith no more— 335  
I worship thee, and thee alone adore !  
Yet hence with thee deceiv'd Armida bear ;  
The vanquish'd still attends the victor's car :  
Let me be shewn, to all the camp display'd,  
The proud betrayer, by thy guile betray'd. 340  
Wretch as I am ! shall still these locks be worn,  
These locks that now are grown a lover's scorn ?  
These hands shall cut the tresses from my head,  
And o'er my limbs a servile habit spread :  
Thee will I follow, 'midst surrounding foes, 345  
When all the fury of the battle glows.

I want not soul, so far at least, to dare.  
To lead thy courser, or thy jav'lin bear.  
Let me sustain, or be myself thy shield ;  
Still will I guard thee in the dang'rous field. 350  
No hostile hand so savage can be found,  
Thro' my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound :  
Soft mercy e'en may fell revenge restrain,  
And these neglected charms some pity gain.—  
Ah, wretch ! and dare I still of beauty boast, 355  
My pray'rs rejected, and my empire lost !

More had she said, but grief her words withstood ;  
Fast from her eyes distill'd the trickling flood :  
With suppliant act she sought to grasp his hand ;  
She held his robe : unmov'd the chief remain'd. 360  
Love found no more an entrance in his breast,  
And firm resolves the starting tears suppress :  
Yet pity soften'd soon his gen'rous soul ;  
Scarce could he now the tender dew controul :  
But still he strove his secret thoughts to hide, 365  
Compos'd his looks, and thus, at length, reply'd :—

Armida, thy distress, with grief, I see.  
O ! could I now thy lab'ring bosom free  
From this ill-omen'd love !—Ah ! hapless fair !  
No scorn I harbour, and no hatred bear : 370  
I seek no vengeance ; no offence I know ;  
Nor canst thou be my slave, nor art my foe.  
On either side, I fear, thy thoughts have stray'd  
As love deceiv'd thee, or as anger sway'd ;  
But human frailties human pity claim ; 375  
Thy faith, thy sex, thy years, acquit thy fame.

I too have err'd; and shall I dare reprove  
Thy tender bosom with the faults of love ?  
Here ever shall thy dear remembrance rest,  
In joy and grief, the partner of my breast ! 380  
Still must I be thy champion—thine as far  
As Christian faith permits, and Asia's war.  
But, ah ! let here our mutual weakness end ;  
No further now our mutual shame extend :  
Here, from the world, on this extremest coast, 385  
Be all our follies in oblivion lost !  
'Midst all my deeds in Europe's clime reveal'd,  
O ! still be these, and these alone conceal'd !  
Then let no rash ignoble thoughts disgrace  
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy royal race. 390  
With me thou seek'st, in vain, to quit the land ;  
Superior pow'rs thy fond desire withstand.  
Remain, or seek some happier place of rest ;  
And in thy wisdom calm thy troubl'd breast.  
As thus the warrior spoke, the haughty dame 395  
Scarce held her rage, now kindling to a flame ;  
A while she view'd him with a scornful look,  
Then from her lips these furious accents broke :—  
Boast not Bertoldo's nor Sophia's blood !  
Thou sprung'st, relentless, from the stormy flood : 400  
Thy infant years th'Hyrceanian tigress fed ;  
On frozen Caucasus thy youth was bred !—  
See if he deigns one tender tear bestow,  
Or pay one sigh in pity to my woe !  
What shall I say, or whither shall I turn ? 405  
He calls me his,—yet leaves me here in scorn !

See how his foe the gen'rous victor leaves,  
Forgets her error, and her crime forgives !  
Hear how sedate, how cool his counsels prove !  
This rigid Zeno in the school of love. 410  
O Heav'n !—O Gods !—and shall this impious race  
Your temples ravage, and your shrines deface ?  
Go, wretch—Such peace attend thy tortur'd mind  
As I, forsaken here, am doom'd to find !  
Fly hence !—begone !—but soon expect to view 415  
My vengeful ghost thy trait'rous flight pursue :  
A fury arm'd with snakes and torch I'll prove,  
With terrors equal to my former love !  
If fate decrees thee safe to pass the main,  
Escap'd from rocks, to view th'embattl'd plain, 420  
There shalt thou, sinking in the fatal strife,  
Appease my vengeance with thy dearest life :  
Oft shalt thou then by name Armida call  
In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall !

She could no more ; as these last words she spoke, 425  
Scarce from her lips the sounds imperfect broke.  
She faints ! she sinks ! all breathless pale she lies  
In chilly sweats, and shuts her languid eyes.  
Dost thou, Armida, now thy eye-lids close ?  
Heav'n envies sure one comfort to thy woes. 430  
Ah, raise thy sight ! behold thy deadly foe :  
See, down his cheek the kindly sorrows flow.  
O ! could'st thou now, ill-fated lover ! hear  
His sighs soft breaking on thy raptur'd ear !  
What fate permits (but this thou canst not view) 435  
He gives, and, pitying, takes the last adieu.

What should he do ?—thus, leave her on the coast,  
'Twixt life and death, her struggling senses lost ?  
Compassion pleads, and courtesy detains ;  
But dire necessity his flight constrains. 440  
He parts :—and now a friendly breeze prevails,  
(The pilot's tresses waving in the gales)  
The golden sail o'er surging ocean speeds,  
And from the sight the flying shore recedes.  
But when, recover'd from her trance, she stood,  
And all around the land forsaken view'd,— 446  
And is he gone ?—Has then the traitor fled ?  
Left me in life's extremest need ? (she said,  
Would he not to my hapless state dispense  
One moment's stay, or wait returning sense ? 450  
And do I love him still ? still here remain,  
And, unreveng'd, in empty words complain ?  
What then avail these tears, these female arms !  
Far other arts are mine, and stronger charms.  
I will pursue—nor Hell th'ingrate shall shield, 455  
Nor Heav'n shall safety from my fury yield :  
Now, now I seize him ! now his heart I tear,  
And scatter round his mangled limbs in air.  
He knows each various art of torture well :  
In his own arts the traitor I'll excell !— 460  
But, ah, I wander ! O, untimely boast !  
Unbless'd Armida, whither art thou tost ?  
Then should'st thou to thy rage have giv'n the rein,  
When he lay captive in thy pow'rful chain.  
Then did the wretch no less thy hatred claim ; 465  
Too late thy rage now kindles to a flame !

O beauty scorn'd ! since you th'offence sustain'd,  
 Be yours the due revenge your wrongs demand.  
 Lo ! with my person shall his worth be paid,  
 Who from the battle brings that hated head. 470  
 Ye gallant youths, whom faithful love inspires,  
 A dang'rous, glorious task, my soul requires !  
 E'en I, to whom Damascus' realms shall bow,  
 The price of vengeance with myself bestow.  
 But, if condemn'd, I must not this obtain, 475  
 Then nature gave these boasted charms in vain :  
 Take back th'unhappy gift !—myself I hate,  
 My birth, my being, and my regal state.  
 One soothing hope alone can comfort give :  
 For sweet revenge I still consent to live ! 480

Thus with wild grief she ran her frenzy o'er,  
 Then turn'd her footsteps from the desert shore :  
 Her fiery looks her stormy passions show ;  
 Loose in the wind her locks dishevell'd flow :  
 And in her eyes the flashing sparkles glow ! 485 }

Now, at her dome, she calls, with hideous yell,  
 Three hundred deities from deepest hell :  
 Soon murky clouds o'er all the skies are spread ;  
 Th'eternal planet hides his sick'ning head.  
 On mountain-tops the furious whirlwinds blow ; 490  
 Deep rocks the ground ; Avernus groans below.  
 Thro' all the palace mingl'd cries resound ;  
 Loud hissings, howls, and screams are heard around.  
 Thick glooms, more black than night, the walls enclose,  
 Where not a ray its friendly light bestows, 495



Save that, by fits, sulphureous lightnings stream,  
And dart thro' sullen shades a dreadful gleam !  
At length, the night dispers'd ; and faintly shone,  
With scarce recover'd looks, the doubtful sun :  
No longer now the stately walls appear'd ; 500  
No trace remain'd where once the pile was rear'd.  
Like cloudy vapours of the changing skies,  
Where tow'rs and battlements in semblance rise,  
That fleet before the winds, or solar beam,  
Like idle phantoms of a sick man's dream, 505  
So vanish'd all the pile, and nought remain'd  
But native horrors 'midst a rocky land !

Then swift th'enchantress mounts her ready car,  
And, girt with tempests, cleaves the fields of air.  
Declining from the pole, where distant lie 510  
Nations unknown beneath the eastern sky ;  
Alcides' pillars now she journeys o'er ;  
Nor seeks Hesperia's strand, nor Afric's shore ;  
But o'er the subject seas suspended flies,  
Till Syria's borders to her view arise. 515

She seeks not then, Damascus' regal dome,  
But shuns her once-lov'd seats and native home :  
And guides her chariot to the fatal lands  
Where, 'midst Asphaltus' waves, her castle stands.  
There, from her menial train, and damsels eyes, 520  
All pensive, in a lone retreat she lies :  
A war of thought her troubl'd breast assails ;  
But soon her shame subsides, and wrath prevails.

Hence will I haste (she cry'd) ere Egypt's king  
To Sion's plains his num'rous force can bring : 525

Try ev'ry art, in ev'ry form appear,  
Bend the tough bow, and shake the missile spear.  
My charms shall ev'ry leader's soul inspire,  
And ev'ry breast with emulation fire.  
O let the sweet revenge I seek be mine, 539  
And virgin honour I with joy resign !  
Nor thou, stern guardian, now my conduct blame :  
Thine are my deeds, to thee belongs the shame :  
Thy counsel first impell'd my tender mind  
To acts that ill beseem'd the female kind. 535  
Then all be thine, whate'er my errors prove,  
What now I give to rage, as once to love !

She said ; and thus resolv'd, she calls, in haste,  
Knights, 'squires, and damsels, in her service plac'd.  
A splendid train in duteous order wait ; 540  
All richly clad, attendant on her state.  
With these, impatient, on her way she goes :  
Nor sun, nor moon, beholds her take repose ;  
Till near she comes, to where the friendly bands  
Lie wide encamp'd on Gaza's sultry sands. 545

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**THE  
SEVENTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE Egyptian troops and auxiliaries are mustered before the Caliph, seated on his throne. Armida unexpectedly appears with her forces: She enflames the leaders of the army with her beauty, and proffers her hand in marriage to any champion that shall kill Rinaldo. A contest thereupon ensues between Adrastus and Tisaphernes, but the Caliph interposing, puts a stop to it. Rinaldo and the two knights return to Palestine. On their landing they are met by the hermit, who had before entertained Charles and Ubald: He gives Rinaldo counsel for his future conduct, presents him with a suit of armour, and explains to him the actions of his ancestors, that are represented in the shield. He then conducts the three warriors within sight of the camp, and dismisses them.

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THE  
SEVENTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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PLAC'D where Judæa's utmost bounds extend  
Tow'rs fair Pelusium, Gaza's walls ascend :  
Fast by the breezy shore the city stands,  
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,  
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep, 5  
Like mountain-billows of the stormy deep ;  
That scarce th'affrighted trav'ler, spent with toil,  
Escapes the tempest of th'unstable soil.

Th'Egyptian monarch holds this frontier town,  
Which from the Turkish pow'rs, of old, he won : 10  
Since opportunely near the plains it lies,  
To which he bends his mighty enterprize ;  
He left a while his court and ancient state,  
And hither now transferr'd his regal seat ;  
And hither brought, encamp'd along the coast 15  
From various provinces, a countless host.

Say, muse, what arms he us'd, what lands he sway'd,  
What nations fear'd him, and what pow'rs obey'd :  
How from the south he mov'd the realms afar,  
And call'd the natives of the east to war : 20  
Thou only canst disclose the dire alarms,  
The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.

When Egypt 'gainst the Grecian sway rebell'd,  
The faith forsaking which her fathers held,  
A warrior, sprung from Macon, seiz'd the throne, 25  
And fix'd his seat in Cairo's stately town,  
A Caliph call'd ; from him each prince who wears  
Th'Egyptian crown, the name of Caliph bears.  
Thus Nile beheld succeeding Pharaohs shine,  
And Ptolemys enroll'd from line to line. 30

And now revolving years their course pursu'd,  
And well secur'd the empire's basis stood,  
O'er Lybia wide, and Asia spread its pow'r,  
From fair Cirenè to the Syrian shore ;  
Where sev'nfold Nile o'erflows the fatten'd land, 35  
And where Syene's sun-burnt dwellings stand ;  
Where proud Euphrates laves Assyria's fields ;  
Her spicy stores where rich Maremma yields :  
And far beyond extends the potent sway,  
To climes that nearer greet the rising day. 40

Vast in itself the mighty kingdom show'd,  
But added glories now its lord bestow'd :  
Of blood illustrious, and by virtues known,  
The arts of peace and war were all his own !  
Against the Turks and Persians force engag'd, 45  
With various fortune, mighty wars he wag'd ;

Success and loss, by turns, ordain'd to meet,  
In conquest great, but greater in defeat!  
At length, with creeping age his strength decay'd,  
Reluctant, at his side he sheath'd the blade : 50  
For yet his soul retain'd the martial flame,  
The thirst of empire, and the lust of fame.  
His chiefs, abroad, their sov'reign's wars maintain'd,  
While he, at home, in regal splendor reign'd.  
His name the realms of Afric trembling heard, 55  
And furthest Ind his distant rule rever'd :  
Some sent their martial bands, a willing aid,  
And some, with gold and gems their tribute paid.  
Such was the man, who drew his various force  
From climes remote, t'oppose the Christians course. 60  
Armida hither came, in happy hour,  
What time the king review'd his num'rous pow'r.  
High on a stately throne himself was plac'd ;  
Th'ascent a hundred steps of iv'ry grac'd :  
A silver canopy o'erspread his seat, 65  
And gold and purple lay beneath his feet :  
Around his head the snow-white linen roll'd,  
His turban form'd of many a winding fold :  
The sceptre in his better hand was seen,  
His beard was white, and awful was his mien. 70  
His thoughtful brow sedate experience shows,  
Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardor glows.  
Alike maintain'd, in ev'ry act appears  
The pomp of pow'r, or dignity of years.  
So when or Phydias' or Apelles' art 75  
To lifeless forms could seeming life impart,



In such a shape they shew'd to mortal eyes  
Majestic Jove, when thund'ring from the skies.  
Beside the caliph, waits on either hand,  
A mighty peer, the noblest of the land ; 80  
This holds the seal, ministrant near the throne,  
And bends his cares to civil rule alone :  
But greater that the sword of justice bears,  
And, prince of armies, guides the course of wars.

Beneath, with thronging spears, a circling band,  
In deep array his bold Circassians stand : 86  
The cuirass-plates their manly breasts defend !  
And crooked sabres at their sides depend.

Thus sat the monarch, and from high beheld  
Th'assembled nations marshall'd on the field ; 90  
While as the squadrons pass'd his lofty seat,  
They bow'd their arms and ensigns at his feet.

First march'd the forces drawn from Egypt's lands  
Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.  
Two came from Upper, two from Lower Nile, 95  
Where ocean's waters once o'erspread the soil :  
Now lie far distant from the briny flood  
Those fields which once the coasting sailor view'd.

First of the squadrons, mov'd the ready train  
That dwell in Alexandria's wealthy plain ; 100  
Along the land that westward far declines,  
Whose wide extent with Afric's border joins.  
Araspes was their chief, who more excell'd  
In close device than action in the field.  
The troops succeed on Asia's coast, who lie 105  
Against the beams that gild the morning sky :

These leads Aronteus, not by virtue fir'd,  
But with the pride of titles vain inspir'd :  
No massy helm ere this had press'd his brows,  
Nor early trump disturb'd his soft repose : 110  
But now, from ease to scenes of toil he came ;  
By false ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.  
The next that march'd appear'd no common band,  
But a huge host that cover'd all the land :  
It seem'd that Egypt's fields of waving grain 115  
Could scarce suffice their numbers to sustain :  
Yet these within one ample city dwell'd ;  
These mighty Cairo in her circuit held.  
From crowded streets she sends her sons to war ;  
And these Campsones brings beneath his care. 120  
Then, under Gazel, march'd the troop who till'd  
The neighb'ring glebe, with gen'rous plenty fill'd ;  
And far above, where loud the river roars,  
And from on high its second cat'ract pours.  
No arms but swords and bows th'Egyptians bear, 125  
Nor weighty mail, nor shining helmets wear :  
Their habits rich, not fram'd to daunt the foe,  
But rouze to plunder with the pompous show.  
Next Barca's tawny sons, a barb'rous throng,  
Beneath their chief, Alarcon, march'd along : 130  
Half-arm'd they came ; these, long to plunder train'd,  
A hungry life on barren sands sustain'd.  
Zumara's king a fairer squadron leads ;  
To him the king of Tripoly succeeds :  
Both weak in steady fight, but skill'd to dare 135  
In sudden onset, and a flying war.

Then those whose culture each Arabia claim'd ;  
The Stony that, and this the Happy nam'd.  
The last ne'er doom'd (if fame the truth declare)  
The fierce extremes of heat and cold to bear. 140  
Here odorif'rous gums their sweets diffuse ;  
Th'immortal phoenix here his youth renews ;  
Here on a pile of many a rich perfume,  
Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb !  
Less costly these their vests and armour wore ; 145  
But weapons, like the troops of Egypt bore.  
To these succeed the wand'ring Arab train,  
Who shift their canvas-towns from plain to plain :  
Their accents female, and their stature low ;  
A sable hue their gloomy features show, 150 }  
And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow.  
Long Indian canes they arm with pointed steel,  
And round the plain their steeds impetuous wheel :  
Thou wouldst have thought the winds impell'd their cou  
If speed of wings could match the rapid horse. 155  
Arabia's foremost squadron Syphax leads ;  
Before the second bold Aldine proceeds,  
The third have Albiazar at their head,  
A chief in rapine, not in knighthood bred.  
Then from the various islands march'd a train, 160  
Whose rocks are 'compass'd by th'Arabian main :  
There were they wont, in arts of fishing skill'd,  
To draw rich pearls from ocean's wat'ry field.  
And join'd with those, the neighb'ring lands that lie  
Beside the Red Sea shore, their aids supply. 165

Those Agricaltes ; these Mulasses guides,  
Who ev'ry faith and ev'ry law derides.  
Next march'd the swarthy troops from Mercoe's soil,  
That dwell 'twixt Astaborn and fruitful Nile ;  
Where Ethiopia spreads her sultry plains, 170  
Whose vast extent three diff'rent states contains :  
Two Assimirus and Canarius sway'd ;  
These Macon's laws and Egypt's rule obey'd,  
And 'gainst the Christian host their forces led. }  
The third, whose sons the pure religion knew, 175  
Mix'd not its warriors with the Pagan crew.

Two tributary kings their squadrons show,  
That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.  
Soldan of Ormus one, a barren land,  
Where the vast Gulph of Persia laves the strand. 180  
One in Boëcan held his regal place,  
Whose kingdom oft the rising tides embrace ;  
But when the ebbing waves forsake the shore,  
With feet unbath'd the trav'ller passes o'er.

Not thee, O Altamorus, from the plain 185  
Thy faithful spouse could in her arms detain :  
She wept, she beat her breast, she tore her hair,  
And begg'd thee oft thy purpose to forbear.  
Dost thou to me prefer, unkind ! (she cry'd)  
The dreadful aspect of the stormy tide ? 190  
Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms  
Than thy dear son, who smiles in infant charms ?

Samarcand's realms this pow'rful king obey ;  
No subject crown, no tributary sway :

In fields he shone, conspicuous in the fight, 195  
 And stood supreme in courage as it might.  
 The cuirass on their breast his warriors brace ;  
 Their side the sword, their saddle bears the mace.

Next from the seats of morn, beyond the shores  
 Of Ganges' stream, Adrastus brings his pow'rs. 200  
 Around his limbs a serpent's skin he drew,  
 Diversify'd with spots of sable hue ;  
 While for his steed he press'd (tremendous sight !)  
 A mighty elephant of tow'ring height.

Then came the regal band, the caliph's boast, 205  
 The flow'r of war, and vigour of the host :  
 All arm'd in proof, well furnish'd for the field,  
 On foaming steeds their rapid course they held.  
 Rich purple vestments gleam upon the day,  
 And steel and gold reflect a mingled ray ! 210

Alcarus here and Hidraotes came ;  
 Here Odemarus rode : a mighty name !  
 Here, 'midst, the valiant Rimedon appear'd,  
 Whose daring soul nor toil nor danger fear'd.  
 Tigranes here and Ormond fierce were found ; 215  
 Ripoldo, once for piracy renown'd :  
 And Marlabustus bold, th'Arabian nam'd,  
 Since late his might the rebel Arabs tam'd.  
 Here Pirgas, Arimon, Orindus shone ;  
 Brimartes, fam'd for many a conquer'd town : 220  
 Syphantes, skill'd the bounding steed to rein :  
 And thou, Aridamantes, form'd to gain  
 The prize of wrestling on the dusty plain ! }

Here Tisaphernes; with a dauntless air,  
Tow'r'd o'er the rest, the thunder-bolt of war! 225  
Whose force in battle ev'ry force excell'd  
To lift the jav'lin, or the falchion wield.

Oe'r these the sway a brave Armenian bears,  
Who left the Christian faith in early years  
For Pagan lore; his former name estrang'd, 230  
To Emirenes then was Clement chang'd:  
Yet was he well esteem'd for faith sincere,  
And far o'er all his sov'reign held him dear.

No more remain'd; when now, to sudden view,  
The fair Armida with her squadron drew. 235

High on a stately car the royal dame,  
In martial pomp (a female archer!) came:  
A slender belt her flowing robe restrain'd;  
Her side the shafts, her hand the bow sustain'd.  
E'en sweet in wrath; her charms the gazer move; 240

And while she threats, her threat'ning kindles love!  
Her radiant car, like that which bears the sun,  
Bright with the jacinth and pyropus shone.  
Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,  
Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd. 245

A hundred maids, a hundred pages round  
Attend; the quivers on their shoulders sound:  
Each in the field bestrides a milk-white steed,  
Practis'd to turn, and like the wind in speed.  
Her troop succeeds, which Aradine commands, 250  
And Hidraotes rais'd in Syria's lands.

As when, again reviv'd, the phoenix soars  
To visit Ethiopia's much-lov'd shores,

And spreads his vary'd wings with plumage bright  
(Sky-tinctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light !)  
On either hand the feather'd nations fly, 256  
And, wond'ring, trace his progress thro' the sky,  
So pass'd the fair, while gazing hosts admire  
Her graceful looks, her gesture, and attire.

If thus her face, with awful anger arm'd, 260  
Such various throngs with pow'r resistless charm'd,  
Well might her softer arts each bosom move  
With winning glances and the smiles of love.

Armida past ; the king of kings commands  
Brave Emirenes, from the martial bands, 265  
T'attend his will ; to him he gives the post,  
O'er all the chiefs, to guide the num'rous host.  
He came, his looks with grace majestic shin'd,  
And spoke him worthy of the rank design'd.

At once the guard divides ; a path is shown ; 270  
He treads the steps ascending to the throne :

There, on his humble knee, the ground he press'd,  
And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breast.  
To him the king :—This sceptre, chief, receive :  
To thee the rule of yonder host I give. 275

Thou, Emirenes, now my place supply ;  
Deliver Sion's king, our old ally :  
Swift on the Franks my dread resentment pour ;  
Go—see—and conquer—in th'avenging hour ;  
No Christian 'scape ! their name no more be known,  
And bring the living, bound, before my throne. 281

The monarch spoke : the warrior from his hand  
Receiv'd the sov'reign ensign of command.

This sceptre from unconquer'd hands (he cry'd)  
I take, O king : thy fortune is my guide. 285  
Arm'd in thy cause I go, thy captain sworn,  
T'avenge the wrongs which Asia's realms have borne :  
Nor will I e'er return but crown'd with fame :  
Death, if I fail, shall hide a warrior's shame !  
Should unexpected ills, ye pow'rs, impend, 290  
On me alone let all the storm descend !

Preserve the host while, victors, from the plain  
They bring their chief in glorious triumph slain.

He ceas'd ; the troops with loud applause reply,  
And barb'rous clangors echo to the sky, 295

And now departs, amid the mingl'd sound,  
The king of kings, with peers encompass'd round :  
These summon'd to the lofty tent of state,  
In equal honours with the monarch sate :  
Himself benignant ev'ry chief address, 300  
And gave to each a portion of the feast.  
There for her arts fit time Armida found,  
While pleasure reign'd, and festive sport went round.  
The banquet o'er, the dame, who well describes  
That all beheld her charms with wond'ring eyes, 305  
Slow from her seat arose, with regal look,  
And thus, respectful, to the caliph spoke :—

O mighty king ! behold with these I stand  
To guard our faith, and combat for the land.  
A damsel, yet I boast a royal name ; 310  
Nor scorns a queen to mix in fields of fame.  
Who seeks to reign, in arts of ruling skill'd,  
By turns the sceptre and the sword must wield.



Nor these alone, but all whom glory warms,  
Now vaunt their courage and their force in arms : 375  
All to the damsel proffer certain aid,  
And vow deep vengeance on Rinaldo's head.

While thus against the hero, once belov'd,  
Such various pow'rs, such mighty foes she mov'd,  
He whom her hate pursu'd the land forsook, 380  
And thro' the main his prosp'rous voyage took.

The wind, that late impell'd the pilot's sails,  
Now favour'd her return with western gales.  
The youth the pole and either Bear survey'd,  
And all the stars that gild night's sable shade : 385  
He view'd the foamy flood, the mountains steep,  
Whose shaggy fronts o'ershade the silent deep :  
Now of the camp he asks, and now enquires  
Of diff'rent nations, and their rites admires.  
Thus thro' surrounding waves the warriors fly, 390  
Till the fourth morning paints the eastern sky :  
And when the setting sun to sight was lost,  
The rapid vessel gain'd the destin'd coast.  
Then thus the virgin :—Here our voyage ends,  
Here Palestine her welcome shore extends. 395

The heroes land, and from their wond'ring eyes  
The mystic pilot in a moment flies.  
Now o'er the prospect eve her mantle threw,  
And ev'ry object from the sight withdrew.  
Uncertain, 'midst the sandy wilds they stray ; 400  
No friendly beam to guide them on their way.  
At length the pale-orb'd queen of silent night,  
Slow rising, streak'd the parting clouds with light :

Sudden the chiefs a distant blaze behold,  
With rays of silver, and with gleams of gold. 405  
Approaching then, they radiant arms survey'd,  
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.  
Thick set as stars, with many a costly stone,  
The golden helm and polish'd cuirass shone.  
An aged tree the massy burden held : 410 }  
Against the trunk was hung the mighty shield ;  
Mysterious forms emblaz'd its spacious field. }  
Beneath the spreading boughs a hermit sat,  
Who courteous rose th'advancing knights to meet.

When now the Dane and Ubald nearer drew, 415  
In him their friend, their ancient host, they knew :  
At once they greet the sage with glad surprize ;  
The sage with mild benevolence replies.  
Then tow'rd's Rinaldo, who with wonder view'd  
His rev'rend form, he turn'd, and thus pursu'd :—

For thy arrival, chief, and thine alone, 422  
I here have stay'd in desert shades unknown.  
In me thy friend behold : let these relate  
How far my care has watch'd thy former state.  
These, taught by me, th'enchantress pow'r defy'd,  
And freed thy soul in magic fetters ty'd : 426  
Attend my words, nor harsh their tenor deem,  
Tho' far unlike the syren's wanton theme :  
Deep in thy heart repose each sacred truth,  
Till holier lips instruct thy list'ning youth. 430  
Think not our good is plac'd in flow'ry fields,  
In transient joys which fading beauty yields :

Above the steep, the rocky path it lies,  
On virtue's hill, whose summit cleaves the skies.  
Who gains th'ascent must many toils engage, 435  
And spurn the pleasures of a thoughtless age.  
Wilt thou, dismay'd, the arduous height forego,  
And lurk ignobly in the vale below ?  
To thee a face erect has nature giv'n,  
And the pure spirit of congenial Heav'n, 440  
That far from earth thy gen'rous thoughts might rise  
To gain, by virtuous deeds, th'immortal prize.  
She gave thee courage not, with impious rage,  
T'oppress thy friends, and civil combats wage,  
But that thy soul with noble warmth might glow 445  
In fields of fight against the common foe.  
Wisdom to proper objects points our ire ;  
Now gentle cools, now fans the rising fire.  
He spoke : with downcast eyes the hero stood  
While thus the words of truth resistless flow'd. 450  
Full well his secret thoughts the hermit view'd :  
Now lift thy eyes, O son, (he thus pursu'd)  
See in that shield thy great forefathers shown,  
Whose mighty deeds to distant times are known.  
Wilt thou the honours of thy line disgrace, 455  
And lag behind in glory's sacred race ?  
Rise, gallant youth ; and while thy sires I name,  
From their example catch the gen'rous flame.  
He said ; with eager gaze the knight beheld  
The sculptur'd stories to his sight reveal'd. 460  
There, in a narrow space, the master's mind,  
With wond'rous art, a thousand forms design'd :

There shone great Estè's race, whose noble blood  
 From Roman source in streams unsully'd flow'd.  
 With laurel crown'd, the god-like chiefs appear'd; 465  
 The sage their honours and their wars declar'd.  
 Caius he shew'd, who (when th'imperial sway  
 Declining fell to alien hands a prey)  
 A willing people taught to own his pow'r,  
 And first of Estè's line the sceptre bore. 470  
 When now the Goth (a rude destructive name,  
 Call'd by Honorius) big with ruin came;  
 When Rome, oppress'd and captive to the foe,  
 Fear'd one dire hour would all her state o'erthrow,  
 He shew'd how brave Aurelius stood the shock, 475  
 And kept his subjects from a foreign yoke.  
 Forestus then he nam'd, whose noble pride  
 The Huns, the tyrants of the north, defy'd.  
 Fierce Attila, their lord, of savage mien,  
 By him subdu'd in single fight was seen. 480  
 See next the patriot chief, with ceaseless care,  
 For Aquileia's strong defence prepare;  
 Th'Italian Hector in the task of war! }  
 But, ah, too soon he ends his mortal state,  
 And in his own includes his country's fate! 485  
 Then Acarinus to his father's fame  
 Succeeds, the champion of the Roman name.  
 Not to the Huns, but fate, Altinus yields,  
 And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds:  
 Deep in the vale of Po his city rose 490  
 (A thousand scatter'd cots his town compose)

Which distant ages shall with pride proclaim  
 The seat of empire of th'Estensian name.  
 He quells th'Alani; but, in stern debate  
 With Odoacer, meets the stroke of fate : 495  
 For Italy he bravely yields his breath,  
 And shares paternal honour by his death.  
 With him the gallant Alphorisius dies :  
 To exile Actius, with his brother, flies ;  
 But soon return'd (th'Erulean king o'erthrown) 500  
 Again in council and in arms they shone.  
 Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel,  
 A second brave Epaminondas fell :  
 See where with smiles he seems his life to yield,  
 Since Totila is fled, and safe his shield. 505  
 His son Valerian emulates his name,  
 And treads the footsteps of paternal fame :  
 Scarce yet a man, of manly force possess'd,  
 His daring hand th'encroaching Goth repress'd.  
 Near him with warlike mien Ernestus rose, 510  
 Who routs in field the rough Slavonian foes.  
 With these intrepid Aldoard is shown,  
 Who'gainst th'Lombard king defends Monscelce's town.  
 Henry and Berengarius then appear'd,  
 Who serv'd where Charles his glorious banners rear'd.  
 Then Lewis follow'd, who the war maintain'd 516  
 Against his nephew that in Latium reign'd.  
 Next Otho with his sons, a friendly band ;  
 Five blooming youths around their father stand.  
 There Almeric, Ferrara's Marquis, came, 520  
 (Ferrara plac'd by Po's majestic stream)

See where he lifts to Heav'n his pious eyes !  
Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes arise !  
The second Actius fill'd a diff'rent side,  
Who bloody strife with Berengarius try'd ; 525  
But, after many various turns of fate,  
Subdu'd his foe, and rul'd th'Italian state :  
Albertus now appear'd, his valiant son,  
Who from Germania mighty trophies won ;  
Who foil'd the Danes, and to his nuptial bed, 530  
With ample dow'ry, Otho's daughter led.  
Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd,  
And o'er the Tuscan lands dominion held.  
Tedaldo then ; and now the sculpture shew'd,  
With Beatrice, where Bonifacius stood. 535  
No male succeeded to the large domain,  
No son the father's honours to maintain.  
Mathilda follow'd, who with virtues try'd,  
Full well the want of manly sex supply'd :  
In arts of sway the wise and valiant dame 540  
O'er crowns and sceptres rais'd the female fame :  
The Norman there she chac'd ! here quell'd in field  
Guiscard the brave, before untaught to yield :  
Henry she crush'd (the fourth that bore the name)  
And with his standards to the temple came ; 545  
Then in the Vatican, with honours grac'd,  
In Peter's chair the sov'reign pontiff plac'd.  
See the fifth Actius near her person move,  
With looks of rev'rence and of duteous love.  
Actius the fourth, a happier race has known ; 550  
Thence Guelpho issues, Kunigunda's son :

Retiring, to Germania's call he yields,  
By fate transplanted to Bavarian's fields :  
There on the Guelphian tree, with age decay'd,  
Great Esté's branch its foliage fair display'd : 555  
Then might you soon the Guelphian race behold  
Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold.  
From hence Bertoldo rose, of matchless fayne ;  
Hence the sixth Actius, bright in virtue, came.

Such were the chiefs whose forms the shield exprest ;  
And emulation fir'd Rinaldo's breast : 561  
In fancy rapt, each future toil he view'd,  
Proud cities storm'd, and mighty hosts subdu'd.  
Swift o'er his limbs the burnish'd mail he throws,  
Already hopes the fight, and triumphs o'er the foes.

And now the Dane, who told how Sweno fell 566  
In fatal strife beneath the Pagan steel ;  
To brave Rinaldo gave the destin'd blade ;  
In happy hour receive this sword (he said)  
Avenge its former lord, whose worth demands, 570  
Whose love deserves this vengeance at thy hands.

Then thus the hero :—Grant, O gracious Heav'n,  
The hand to which this fated sword is giv'n,  
With this may emulate its master's fame,  
And pay the tribute due to Sweno's name ! 575

So they. But now the sage without delay  
Impell'd the warriors on their purpos'd way :  
Haste, let us seek the Christian camp (he cry'd)  
Myself will thro' the waste your journey guide.

He said ; and strait his ready car ascends ; 580  
(Each knight obsequious at his word attends)

He gives the steeds the rein, the lash applies ;  
Swift to the east the rolling chariot flies.  
Again the hoary hermit silence broke,  
And sudden, turning to Rinaldo, spoke :— 585  
    To thee 'twas giv'n the ancient root to trace,  
Whence sprung the branches of th'Estensian race :  
Still shall that stock succeeding years supply,  
Nor, damp'd with age, the pregnant virtue die.  
O ! could I now, as late the past I told, 590  
The future ages to thy view unfold,  
Succeeding heroes should thy wonder raise,  
Great as the first in number as in praise :  
But truths like these are hidden from my sight,  
Or seen thro' dusky clouds with doubtful light. 595  
Yet hear and trust to what my words disclose :  
Since from a purer source this knowledge flows  
(From him \*, to whose far-piercing mind 'tis giv'n  
To view, unveil'd, the deep decrees of Heav'n)  
Thy sons, the heroes of the times to come, 600  
Shall match the chiefs of Carthage, Greece, or Rome !  
But o'er the rest shall rise Alphonso's fame,  
Alphonso second of the glorious name !  
Born when an age corrupt, to vice declin'd,  
Shall boast but few examples to mankind : 605  
He, while a youth, in mimic scenes of war,  
Shall certain signs of early worth declare ;  
In forest wilds shall chace the savage train,  
And the first honours of the list obtain ;



In riper years, in war unconquer'd prove, 610  
And hold his subjects in the bands of love !  
'Tis his to guard his realms from all alarms,  
'Midst mighty pow'rs, and jarring states in arms ;  
To cherish arts, bid early genius grow,  
And splendid games and festivals bestow ; 615  
In equal scales the good and bad to weigh ;  
And guard with care for ev'ry future day.  
O ! should he rise against that impious race  
Whose deeds shall then the earth and seas deface,  
Who, in those times, shall hold mankind in awe, 620  
And give to more enlighten'd minds the law,  
Then shall his righteous vengeance wide be known  
For shrines profan'd, and altars overthrown :  
In that great hour, what judgment shall he bring  
On the false sect, and on their tyrant king ! 625  
The Turk and Moor, with thousands in their train,  
Shall seek to stop his conqu'ring arms in vain.  
Beyond the climate where Euphrates flows,  
Beyond mount Taurus, white with endless snows,  
Beyond the realms of summer shall he bear 630  
The Cross, the Eagle, and the Lily fair ;  
The secret source of ancient Nile shall trace,  
And in the faith baptize the sable race.

He spoke : and transport fill'd the warrior's breast,  
To hear the glories of his line exprest. 635  
Now had the light proclaim'd the dawning day,  
And the east reddened with a warmer ray,  
When high above the tents they view'd afar  
The streaming banners trembling in the air.

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Then thus the rev'rend sire anew begun:— 640  
Behold before us beams the golden sun,  
Whose friendly rays discover wide around  
The plains, the city, and the tented ground.  
Hence may you pass without a further guide :  
A nearer prospect is to me deny'd. 645

He said ; and instant bade the chiefs adieu ;  
And these, on foot, their ready way pursue.  
Meanwhile the news of their arrival came  
To all the camp, divulg'd by flying fame ;  
And Godfrey, rising from his awful seat, 650  
With speed advanc'd the welcome knights to meet.



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THE  
EIGHTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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**RINALDO** returns to the camp, and is graciously received by **Godfrey**. After offering his devotions on mount Olivet, he enters upon the adventure of the enchanted wood. He withstands all the illusions of the Dæmons, and dissolves the enchantment. The Christians then build new machines: In the mean time **Godfrey** has intelligence of the approach of the Egyptian army to raise the siege. **Vafrino** is sent as a spy to the Egyptian camp. **Godfrey** attacks the city with great resolution: The Pagans make an obstinate defence. **Rinaldo** particularly signalizes himself, and first scales the walls. **Ismeno** is killed. The arch-angel **Michael** appears to the Christian general, and shews him the celestial army, and the souls of the warriors that were slain in the battle engaged in his cause. Victory now declares for the Christians: **Godfrey** first plants his standard on the wall, and the city is entered on all sides.

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THE  
EIGHTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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AND now they met : Rinaldo first began,  
And thus, sincere, address'd the godlike man :—  
O prince, the care t'efface my honour's stain  
Impell'd my vengeance on the warrior slain :  
But, late convinc'd, the rash offence I own ; 5  
And deep contrition since my soul has known.  
By thee recall'd, I seek the camp again ;  
And may my future deeds thy grace obtain !  
Him lowly bending, with complacent look  
Godfrey beheld, embrac'd, and thus bespoke :— 10  
No more remembrance irksome truths shall tell ;  
The past shall ever in oblivion dwell :  
Lo, all th'amiends I claim—thy weapons wield,  
And shine the wonted terror of the field.  
'Tis thine t'assist thy friends, amaze thy foes, 15  
And the dire fiends in yonder wood oppose.

Yon wood, from whence our warlike piles we made,  
Conceals deep magic in its dreadful shade :  
Horrid it stands ! of all our num'rous host,  
No hands to fell th'enchanted timbers boast. 20  
Then go : 'tis thine the mighty task to try ;  
There prove thy valour where the valiant fly.  
Thus he. In brief again the warrior spoke,  
And, dauntless, on himself th'adventure took.  
Then to the rest he stretch'd his friendly hand, 25  
And gladly greeted all the social band.  
Brave Tancred now, and noble Guelpho came,  
With each bold leader of the Christian name.  
The vulgar next he view'd with gracious eye,  
And affable receiv'd the gen'ral joy. 30  
Nor round him less the shouting soldiers press'd  
Than if the hero from the conquer'd east,  
Or mid-day realms, enrich'd with spoils of war,  
Had rode triumphant on his glitt'ring car.  
Thence to his tent he pass'd ; there plac'd in state, 35  
Encircl'd by his friends the champion sate.  
There much he answer'd ; much to know desir'd ;  
Oft of the war and wond'rous wood enquir'd.  
At length, the rest withdrawn, the hermit broke  
His silence first, and thus the youth bespoke :— 40  
O chief, what wonders have thy eyes survey'd !  
How far remote thy erring feet have stray'd !  
Think what thou ow'st to Him who rules on high :  
He gave thee from th'enchanted seats to fly :  
Thee, from his flock, a wand'ring sheep, he sought,  
And, now recover'd, to his fold has brought : 46

By Godfrey's voice he calls thee to fulfil  
The mighty purpose of his sacred will.  
But think not yet, impure with many a stain,  
In his high cause to lift thy hand profane : 50  
Nor Nile, nor Ganges, nor the boundless sea,  
With cleansing tides, can wash thy crimes away.  
Sincere, to God thy secret sins declare,  
And, sorrowing, seek his grace with fervent pray'r.

He said ; and first the prince, in humble strain, 55  
Bewail'd his senseless love and rage as vain :  
Then low before the sage's feet he kneel'd,  
And all the errors of his youth reveal'd.  
The pious hermit then absolv'd the knight,  
And thus pursu'd :—With early dawn of light, 60  
On yonder mount thy pure devotion pay,  
That rears its front against the morning ray.  
Thence seek the wood, whose monsters thou must quell,  
Let no vain frauds thy daring steps repel :  
Ah ! let no tuneful voice, nor complaints beguile, 65  
Nor beauty win thee with enticing smile :  
Sternly resolv'd, avoid each dang'rous snare,  
And scorn the treach'rous look and well-dissembl'd pray'r.

So counsell'd he. The youth obsequious heard,  
And, eager for th'important deed prepar'd : 70  
In thought he pass'd the day, in thought the night ;  
And ere the clouds were streak'd with growing light,  
Enclos'd his limbs in arms, and o'er him threw  
A flowing mantle of unwonted hue.  
Alone, on foot, his silent way he took, 75  
And left his comrades, and the tents forsook.



Now night with day divided empire held,  
Nor this was fully ris'n, nor that expell'd :  
The cheerful east the dawning rays display'd,  
And stars yet glimmer'd thro' the western shade. 80  
To Olivet the pensive hero pass'd,  
And, musing deep, around his looks he cast,  
Alternate viewing here the spangl'd skies,  
And there the spreading light of morning rise.

Then to himself he said :—What beams divine 85  
In Heav'n's eternal sacred temple shine !

The day can boast the chariot of the sun,  
The night the golden stars and silver moon ;  
But ah, how few will raise their minds so high,  
While the frail beauties of a mortal eye 90  
The transient light'nings of a glance, a smile  
From female charms, our earthly sense beguile !

While thus he mus'd, he gain'd the hill's ascent ;  
There, low on earth, with humble knee he bent ;  
Then on the east devoutly fix'd his eyes, 95  
And rais'd his pious thoughts above the skies.

Almighty Father, hear !—my pray'rs approve !  
Far from my sins thy awful sight remove !  
O let thy grace each thought impure controul,  
And purge from earthly dross my erring soul ! 100

Thus while he pray'd, Aurora, rising bright,  
To radiant gold has chang'd her rosy light :  
O'er all his arms th'increasing splendor plays,  
The hallow'd mount and grove reflect the rays.  
Full in his face the morn her breeze renews, 105  
And scatters on his head ambrosial dews :

His robe, with lucid pearls besprinkl'd o'er,  
Receives a snowy hue unknown before.  
So with the dawn the drooping flow'ret blooms;  
The serpent thus a second youth assumes. 110

Surpriz'd, his alter'd vest the warrior view'd,  
Then turn'd his steps to reach the fatal wood.  
And now he came where late the bands retir'd,  
Struck with the dread the distant gloom inspir'd :  
Yet him nor secret doubts nor terrors move, 115  
But fair in prospect rose the magic grove.

While, like the rest, the knight expects to hear  
Loud peals of thunder breaking on his ear ;  
A dulcet symphony his sense invades,  
Of nymphs or dryads warbling thro' the shades. 120

Soft sighs the breeze, soft purls the silver rill,  
The feather'd choir the woods with music fill :  
The tuneful swan in dying notes complains ;  
The mourning nightingale repeats her strains :  
Timbrels, and harps, and human voices join ; 125  
And in one concert all the sounds combine !

In wonder wrapt, a while Rinaldo stood,  
And thence his way with wary steps pursu'd :  
When, lo ! a crystal flood his course oppos'd,  
Whose winding train the forest round enclos'd 130  
On either hand with flow'rs of variqus dies ;  
The smiling banks perfum'd the ambient skies.  
From this a smaller limpid current flow'd,  
And pierc'd the bosom of the lofty wood :  
This to the trees a welcome moisture gave, 135  
Whose boughs, o'erhanging, trembl'd in its wave.

Now here, now there, the ford the warrior try'd,  
When, sudden rais'd, a wond'rous bridge he 'spy'd ;  
That, built of gold, on stately arches stood,  
And shew'd an ample passage o'er the flood. 140  
He trod the path, the further margin gain'd ;  
And now the magic pile no more remain'd :  
The stream so calm, arose with hideous roar,  
And down its foamy surge the shining fabric bore.  
The hero turning, saw the tide o'erflow, 145  
Like sudden torrents swell'd with melting snow.  
Then new desires incite his feet to rove  
Thro' all the deep recesses of the grove.  
As searching round, from shade to shade he strays,  
New scenes at once invite him, and amaze. 150  
Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours  
In gushing springs, or voluntary flow'rs :  
Here blooms the lily ; there the fragrant rose ;  
Here spouts a fountain ; there a riv'let flows :  
From ev'ry spray the liquid manna trills ; 155  
And honey from the soft'ning bark distils.  
Again the strange, the pleasing sound he hears  
Of plaints and music mingling in his ears :  
Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,  
Nor harp, nor timbrel, whence the music came. 160  
As fix'd he silent stands in deep surprise,  
And reason to the sense her faith denies,  
He sees a myrtle near, and thither bends,  
Where in a plain the path far-winding ends :  
Her ample boughs the stately plant display'd 165  
Above the lofty palm, or cypress' shade :

High o'er the subject trees sublime she stood,  
And seem'd the verdant empress of the wood.

While round the champion cast a doubtful view,  
A greater wonder his attention drew : 170

A lab'ring oak a sudden cleft disclos'd,  
And from its bark a living birth expos'd ;  
Whence (passing all belief !) in strange array,  
A lovely damsel issu'd to the day.

A hundred diff'rent trees the knight beheld, 175  
Whose fertile wombs a hundred nymphs reveal'd.

As oft in pictur'd scenes we see display'd  
Each graceful goddess of the sylvan shade ;  
With arms expos'd, with vesture girt around,  
With purple buskins, and with hair unbound : 180

Alike to view, before the hero stood  
These shadowy daughters of the wond'rous wood,  
Save that their hands nor bows nor quivers wield ;  
But this a harp, and that a timbrel held.

Now, in a circle form'd, the sportive train 185  
With song and dance their mystic rites began ;  
Around the myrtle and the knight they sung :  
And in his ear these tuneful accents rung :—

All hail ! and welcome to this pleasing grove,  
Armida's hope, the treasure of her love ! 190

Com'st thou (O long expected !) to relieve  
The painful wounds the darts of absence give ?  
This wood, that frown'd so late with horrid shade,  
Where pale despair her mournful dwelling made,  
Behold, at thy approach reviv'd appears ; 195  
At thy approach a gentler aspect wears.

Thus they. Low thunders from the myrtle rose,  
 And strait the bark a cleft wide-op'ning shows ;  
 In wonder wrapt, have ancient times survey'd  
 A rude Silenus issuing from the shade ; 200  
 A fairer form the teeming tree display'd.  
 A damsel thence appear'd, whose lovely frame  
 Might equal beauties of celestial name :  
 On her Rinaldo fix'd his heedful eyes,  
 And saw Armida's features with surprize : 205  
 On him a sad yet pleasing look she bends,  
 And in the glance a thousand passions blends.

Then thus :—And art thou now return'd from flight,  
 Again to bless forlorn Armida's sight ?  
 Com'st thou the balm of comfort to bestow, 210  
 To ease my widow'd nights, my days of woe ?  
 Or art thou here to work me further harms,  
 That thus thy limbs are sheath'd in hostile arms ?  
 Com'st thou a lover or a foe prepar'd ?  
 Not for a foe the stately bridge I rear'd : 215  
 Not for a foe unlock'd th'impervious bow'rs,  
 And deck'd the shade with fountains, rills, and flow'rs.  
 Art thou a friend ?—that envious helm remove ;  
 Disclose thy face, return the looks of love :  
 Press lips to lips, to bosom bosom join, 220  
 Or reach at least thy friendly hand to mine.

Thus as she spake she roll'd her mournful eyes,  
 And bade soft blushes o'er her features rise :  
 Unwary pity here, with sudden charm,  
 Might melt the wisest, and the coldest warm : 225

While, well advis'd, the knight no longer stay'd,  
But from the scabbard bar'd the shining blade ;  
Then, swift advancing, near the myrtle drew :  
With eager haste to guard the plant she flew ;  
The much-lov'd bark with eager arms enclos'd, 230  
And, with loud cries, the threat'ning stroke oppos'd.

Ah, dare not thus with savage rage invade  
My darling tree, the pride of all the shade !  
O cruel !—lay thy dire design aside,  
Or thro' Armida's heart the weapon guide ! 235  
To reach the trunk this bosom shall afford  
(And this alone) a passage to thy sword !

But, deaf to pray'rs, aloft the steel he rear'd ;  
When, lo ! new forms, new prodigies appear'd !  
Thus, oft in sleep we view, with wild affright, 240  
Dire monstrous shapes, the visions of the night !  
Her limbs enlarge ; her features lose their grace ;  
The rose and lily vanish from her face :  
Now, tow'ring high, a giant huge she stands,  
An arm'd Briareus with a hundred hands. 245  
With dreadful action fifty swords she wields,  
And shakes aloft as many clashing shields ;  
Each nymph transform'd, a horrid Cyclop shew'd ;  
Unmov'd, the hero still his task pursu'd.  
Against the tree redoubl'd strokes he bent ; 250  
Deep groans, at ev'ry stroke, the myrtle sent :  
Infernal glooms the face of day deform ;  
And winds, loud roaring, raise a hideous storm :  
With thunders hoarse the distant fields resound,  
And lightnings flash, and earthquakes rock the ground.

But not these horrors can his force restrain, 256  
And not a blow his weapon aims in vain :  
Now, sinking low, the nodding myrtle bends :  
It falls—the phantoms fly—th' enchantment ends.  
The winds are hush'd, the troubl'd æther clears,  
The forest in its wonted state appears : 261  
No more the dark retreat of magic made,  
Tho' awful still, and black with native shade.  
Again the victor try'd if aught withstood  
The lifted steel to lop the spreading wood : 265  
Then smiling thus, he said :—O phantoms vain !  
Shall these illusions e'er the brave restrain ?  
Now to the camp with hasty steps he press'd ;  
Meanwhile the hermit thus the troops address'd :—  
Already freed I see th' enchanted ground ! 270  
Behold the chief returns with conquest crown'd !  
He said : when from afar, confess'd to sight,  
In dazzling arms appear'd the victor-knight.  
High on his crest the silver eagle shone,  
And blaz'd with brighter beams against the sun. 275  
The troops salute him with triumphant cries ;  
From man to man the spreading clamors rise.  
Then to his valour pious Godfrey pays  
The willing tribute of unenvy'd praise :  
When to the leader thus Rinaldo said :— 280  
At thy command I sought yon dreadful shade ;  
The deep recesses of the grove I view'd,  
The wonders saw, and ev'ry spell subdu'd :  
Now may thy train the region safe explore ;  
No magic charms shall vex their labours more. 285

Thus he ; and strait the band the forest sought,  
Whence mighty timbers to the camp they brought.  
O'er all their work an able chief presides ;  
William, Liguria's lord, the labour guides.  
But late the empire of the seas he held, 290  
Till forc'd before the Pagan fleets to yield,  
With all their naval arms the sailor train  
He brings t'encrease the forces on the plain.  
To him superior knowledge Heav'n imparts :  
A searching genius in mechanic arts ! 295  
A hundred workmen his commands obey,  
Their tasks performing as he points the way.  
Vast batt'ring rams against the city rise,  
And missive engines of enormous size.  
Of timbers huge he built a spacious tow'r ; 300  
A hundred wheels the mighty fabric bore :  
With junctures strong he fix'd the solid sides,  
And 'gainst the fire secur'd with moisten'd hides.  
Suspended from below, with horned head,  
The ram, resistless, on the bulwarks play'd : 305  
While from the midst, a bridge was form'd to fall,  
That join'd th'approaching engine to the wall :  
And from the top was seen, at will to rise,  
A lesser tow'r, high-pointing to the skies.  
The gazing throngs admire in ev'ry part 310  
The strange invention, and the workman's art.  
Soon, like the first, two other piles they frame,  
The same their figure, and their height the same.

Thus they. While from the walls the Pagan spies  
Observ'd the Christian camp with heedful eyes, 315



They saw the pines and elms, in many a load,  
Drawn to the army from the friendly wood :  
They saw them rise in warlike structures high,  
But scarce could thence their distant forms descry.  
They too machines compose with equal care, 320  
Their ramparts strengthen, and their walls repair.  
Ismeno, 'midst the rest, his engines brought  
From Sodom's lake, with fatal sulphur fraught  
From Hell's black flood, whose waters foul and slow,  
Nine times enfold the realms of endless woe ! 325  
Horrid with these, a fiery pest he stood,  
Resolv'd t'avenge his violated wood.

While thus the city and the camp prepar'd  
This to assault, and that the works to guard,  
High o'er the tents, in all the army's view, 330  
An airy dove with rapid pinions flew ;  
Now from the lofty clouds declining down,  
With nearer flight approach'd the sacred town :  
When, lo ! a falcon chac'd her from above,  
And threat'ning to the high pavilion drove. 335  
Just as his claws the trembling bird opprest,  
She shelter sought in pious Godfrey's breast.  
The pitying chief the dove from fate repriev'd :—  
Then round her neck a slender band perceiv'd :  
Beneath her wing a tablet hung conceal'd, 340  
Which, open'd, to his sight these words reveal'd :—

To thee th'Egyptian chief his zeal commends,  
And health to great Judæa's sov'reign sends.  
Fear not, O monarch ! still thy tow'rs defend,  
Till the fifth morn her welcome light extend : 345

Then shall our arms relieve your threaten'd wall ;  
Sion shall conquer, and the Christians fall.

Such was the secret in the tablet seal'd,  
In barb'rous phrase and characters reveal'd.  
These winged heralds thus the mandates bear 350  
Of eastern nations thro' the fields of air.

The prince now set the captive dove at large,  
But she (a guiltless trait'ress to her charge)  
As conscious of th'event, no more return'd,  
But distant from her lord in secret mourn'd. 355

The leader then conven'd the princely train,  
The tidings strait disclos'd, and thus began :—

Behold, O friends! how Heav'n's high monarch shows  
Th'important secrets of our wily foes.

No more delay—this present time demands 360  
Our boldest hearts and most experienc'd hands.

Be ev'ry toil, be ev'ry peril, try'd

The way to conquer on the southern side.

There, well by nature fenc'd on ev'ry part,

The forts are less secur'd by works of art : 365

There, Raymond, let thy strength resistless fall ;

There, with thy engines, shake the doubtful wall :

While I, upon a diff'rent side, prepare

Against the northern gate the storm of war.

So may the foes their forces thither bend, 370

And there, deceiv'd, our chief assault attend.

From thence convey'd, shall then my lofty tow'r

On other parts unlook'd-for vengeance pour.

Near me, Camillus, thou the toils shalt share,

And the third pile be trusted to thy care. 375

He ceas'd : when Raymond, pond'ring in his breast  
The public welfare, Godfrey thus address :—

So well for all, O chief! thy cares provide,  
Nor aught can be retrench'd, nor aught supply'd.  
Yet let me wish some artful spy were sent 385  
To Egypt's camp, to sound their deep intent ;  
Who to our host might all their motions tell,  
And certain tidings of their force reveal.

Then Tancred spoke :—a faithful 'squire is mine,  
Who seems well form'd to further your design ; 385  
He ev'ry wile, with ready wit, prepares ;  
He dares all perils, yet with caution dares.  
Swift in the race, he lightly skims the field ;  
His pliant tongue in ev'ry speech is skill'd ;  
He shifts his mien, his action, and his tone, 390  
And makes the modes of ev'ry clime his own.

The 'squire, now call'd, before th'assembly stands,  
And cheerful hears the task his lord demands ;  
Then smiling thus :—To me consign the care :  
This instant see me for th'attempt prepare. 395  
Swift will I reach (an unexpected spy)  
The distant land where Egypt's forces lie ;  
There pierce the swarming vale at noon of day,  
And ev'ry man and ev'ry steed survey.  
I promise soon (nor vain esteem my boast) 400  
To bring the state and numbers of their host ;  
To penetrate their leader's secret thought,  
And view each purpose in his bosom wrought.

Thus bold Vafirino spoke ; nor more delay'd,  
But strait in vesture long his limbs array'd : 405

He bar'd his neck, and round his forehead roll'd  
A turban huge, in many a winding fold :  
His back the Syrian bow and quiver bore,  
And all his looks a foreign semblance wore.  
The wond'ring crowds admir'd his ready tongue, 410  
On which each nation's various accents hung ;  
That Egypt well might claim him for her own,  
Or Tyre receive him as her rightful son.

Now from the camp he issu'd on a steed  
That scarcely bent the grass beneath his speed. 415

Ere yet they view'd the third succeeding day,  
The Franks, industrious, gain'd the rugged way.

In vain the rolling hours to rest invite,  
They join to day the labours of the night :

Till all is for the great assault prepar'd, 420  
And nought remains that can their schemes retard.

The Christian chief, on pious thoughts intent,  
In humble pray'r the day preceding spent,  
And bade the faithful host their sins confess,  
And take, from sacred hands, the bread of peace. 425

He then began his vast machines to show  
On divers parts, t'amuse the thoughtless foe.  
The foe deceiv'd, with joyful looks, descry'd  
His force directed on their strongest side.

But soon as ev'ning stretch'd her welcome shade, 430  
He thence with ease his warlike pile convey'd :  
This tow'rs the ramparts weaker parts he brought,  
Where, less expos'd, his hardy soldiers fought.  
Experienc'd Raymond, with his lofty tow'r,  
Against the southern hill his forces bore ; 435

And, with the third, the brave Camillus press'd  
Against the side declining to the west.

When now the cheerful harbinger of day  
Had ting'd the mountains with a golden ray,  
The mighty tow'r the foes with terror view'd, 440  
Far distant from the place where late it stood ;  
And all around, till then unseen, beheld  
Enormous engines thick'ning o'er the field.

With ev'ry art the wary Pagans form  
Their best defence 'gainst the approaching storm. 445  
No less intent, the prudent chief, who knew  
That nearer now th'Egyptian army drew,  
Each pass secures ; and calling from the bands  
Guelpho and either Robert, thus commands :—

You watchful on your steeds, in arms remain, 450  
While I attempt yon hostile wall to gain,  
Where least defence appears : be yours the care  
To guard our rear from unexpected war.

He ceas'd : and, breathing courage man to man,  
Three fierce assaults the Christian pow'rs began. 455  
Then hoary Aladine, with cares decay'd,  
In arms, long since disus'd, his limbs array'd ;  
Trembling with feeble feet and tott'ring frame,  
The aged king, oppos'd to Raymond, came.  
Stern Solyman for Godfrey stood preserv'd ; 460  
And fierce Argantes good Camillus dar'd.  
Here Tancred, led by fate, approach'd the wall,  
Where by his arms his daring foe might fall.

The ready archers now their bows apply ;  
In deadly poison drench'd their arrows fly. 465

The face of Heav'n is all in darkness lost,  
Such clouds of weapons issue from the host.  
With greater force the mural engines pour  
Their sudden vengeance in a mingled show'r.  
Hence, sheath'd with iron, jav'lins huge are thrown;  
Hence rocky fragments thunder on the town. 471  
Not in the wound the jav'lins lose their force,  
But furious, hold their unremitted course;  
Resistless here their bloody entrance find,  
And issuing there, leave cruel death behind! 475  
Where'er the stones alight, with dreadful sway  
Thro' men and arms they force their horrid way;  
Sweep life before 'em, crush the human frame,  
And hide at once the figure and the name.  
Still unappall'd the Pagan troops remain, 480  
And boldly still the bold assault sustain.  
Already had they spread with heedful care  
Their woolly fences 'gainst the threat'ning war;  
And where expos'd the thickest ranks they 'spy,  
With missile weapons send a fierce reply: 485  
Yet, undismay'd, the brave assailants press,  
Nor from the threefold charge, intrepid, cease.  
Some under vast machines securely move,  
While storms of arrows hiss in vain above;  
Some wheel th'enormous engines near the foes: 490  
The Syrians from the walls th'attempt oppose.  
Each ready tow'r to launch its bridge essays;  
Its iron head each ram incessant plays.  
Meanwhile in gen'rous doubt Rinaldo stands;  
No vulgar deeds his glorious arm demands: 495

He rolls his ardent eyes ; his thoughts aspire  
To tempt the pass from which the rest retire,  
Then to the warriors, late by Dudon led,  
Th'intrepid hero turn'd, and thus he said :—

O shame to sight ! while here our squadrons press,  
Behold yon fortress still remains in peace. 501

No perils e'er can brave designs controul ;  
All deeds are open to the dauntless soul.  
Haste, let us thither march, and 'gainst the foes  
A sure defence, with lifted shields, oppose. 505

He spoke : The warriors with one soul obey'd,  
And o'er their heads extend an ample shade.  
The bucklers join'd, secur'd the moving train,  
While from on high the ruins roll in vain.  
Now to the walls they came ; with eager haste. 510  
A scaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd :

A hundred steps it bore, the hero's hand  
Aloft, with ease, th'enormous weight sustain'd.  
Spears, beams, and rafters, from the ramparts pour ;  
Dauntless he mounts amid the pond'rous show'r : 515  
Nor toils nor death the daring youth could dread,  
Tho' pendent rocks had nodded o'er his head.

His ample shield receiv'd a feather'd wood ;  
His back sustain'd a falling mountain's load :  
This arm the bulwarks shook ; and that before 520  
His tow'ring front, the fencing buckler bore.

His great example ev'ry warrior fir'd ;  
Each gallant chief to scale the works aspir'd.  
But various fates they prove : some headlong fall ;  
And some are slaughter'd ere they mount the wall ;

While he, ascending still, securely goes; 525  
His friends encourages, and threats his foes.  
The thronging numbers, with collected might,  
Attempt, in vain, to hurl him from his height:  
Still in th' unequal combat firm he stands, 530  
And bears alone th' united furious bands.  
And now his sword the spacious rampart clears,  
And frees the passage for his brave compeers.  
To one the hero gave a wish'd relief  
(Eustatius, brother to the pious chief): 535  
With ready hand he stopp'd his fatal fall,  
And friendly guarded while he gain'd the wall.  
The Christian leader, on a diff'rent side,  
With various perils various fortune try'd:  
Nor men with men alone the combat sought; 540  
There pile with pile, with engine engine fought.  
Above the walls a trunk the Syrians raise  
(A vessel's tow'ring mast in ancient days):  
To this, athwart, a massy beam suspend;  
Thick iron plates the solid head defend: 545  
This with strong cables, back the Pagans drew,  
Then swift recoiling, on the tow'r it flew.  
The yielding timbers with the fury shook,  
The joints gave way before the frequent stroke:  
But soon the tow'r its needful arms supplies: 550  
Two scythes prepar'd, are rais'd of mighty size,  
That closing, with their sharpen'd edge divide  
The twisted cords to which the beam is ty'd.  
As loos'd by time, or by rude tempests torn,  
A rock's huge fragment from a mountain borne, 555



Impetuous whirling down the craggy steeps,  
Woods, cots, and herds, before its fury sweeps ;  
So drew the dreadful engine, in its fall,  
Arms, men, and ruins, from the shatter'd wall.  
The tow'r's vast summit nodded from on high ; 560  
The bulwarks tremble, and the hills reply.

Victorious Godfrey now, advancing on,  
Already deem'd the hostile ramparts won :  
When from the foes, with roaring thunders, broke  
Whirlwinds of flame, and deluges of smoke ! 565  
Not Ætna from her raging womb expires  
Such pois'nous streams and suffocating fires ;  
Not such dire fumes the clime of India yields,  
When noxious vapours taint her sultry fields.

Thick sulphur pours, and burning jav'lines fly ; 570  
Dark clouds arise, and intercept the sky.  
The tow'r's strong planks the scorching mischief meet ;  
The moisten'd hides now shrivel in the heat :  
Around ascends a black and sanguine flame,  
And the last ruin threatens the mighty frame. 575

Before the rest the ghastly leader stood,  
With looks unchang'd, the growing danger view'd  
And on the pile composed his tower  
The conf--  
Now

The light materials catch, the sparks aspire, 525  
 And all their fences crackle in the fire!  
 O favour'd chief! th' Almighty's care approv'd;  
 By him defended, and by him belov'd!  
 Heav'n, in thy cause, auxiliar arms supplies, 530  
 And at thy trumpet's call, the winds obedient rise."

But dire Ismeno, who the flames beheld,  
 By Boreas' breath, against himself repell'd,  
 Resolv'd once more to prove his impious skill,  
 And force the laws of nature to his will. 535  
 With two magicians, that his arts pursue,  
 The dreadful sorc'rer tow'rs in open view:  
 Black, squalid, foul! he rises o'er the haire  
 So, 'twixt two furies, Dis or Charon stalks.

And now the murmur'ing of the winds was heard 540  
 By Phlegethon, and deep Cocytus roar'd.  
 Already now the air disturb'd was seen,  
 The sun, with clouds, obscur'd his face was seen.  
 When from an engine flew, and lightning flash'd  
 A pond'rous stone, the fragments all around  
 Thro' all the three it fell, and all the ground  
 Crack'd in a thousand pieces, and the stones

But thither Solyman intrepid flies,  
And there to cut the bridge his falchion tries :  
Nor had he try'd in vain, but sudden rear'd,  
Another tow'r upon the first appear'd :  
Above the loftiest spires, was seen on high 620  
The wond'rous fabric rising to the sky.  
Struck with the sight, th'astonish'd Pagans stood,  
While far beneath the pile the town they view'd.  
But still the fearless Turk his post maintain'd,  
Tho' on his head a rocky tempest rain'd ; 625  
Nor yet despairs to part the bridge, and loud,  
With threats and cries, incites the tim'rous crowd.

To Godfrey then, unseen by vulgar eyes,  
Appear'd th'Archangel Michael from the skies,  
In glorious panoply, divinely bright, 630  
More dazzling than the sun's unclouded light.

Lo! Godfrey (he begun) the hour at hand  
To free from bondage Sion's sacred land :  
Decline not then to earth thy looks dismay'd :  
Behold where Heav'n assists with heav'nly aid ! 635  
I now remove the film, and teach thy sight  
To bear the presence of the sons of light.  
The souls of those, now Heav'nly beings, view,  
That champions once for CHRIST their weapons drew :  
With thee they fight, with thee they come to share  
The glorious triumph of the sacred war. 640  
There, where thou seest the dust and smoke, on high,  
In mingled waves, where heaps of ruin lie,  
There, wrapt in darkness, Hugo holds his place,  
And heaves the bulwark from its lowest base. 645

See Dudon arm'd against the northern tow'rs,  
With fire and sword, celestial vengeance pours !  
Yon sacred form that on the mount appears,  
Who solemn robes with wreaths of priesthood wears,  
Is Ademar ; a saint, confess'd, he stands ; 650  
See, still he follows, blesses still the bands !  
But higher raise thy looks : behold in air  
Where all the pow'rs of Heav'n combin'd appear.

The hero rais'd his eyes, and saw above  
A countless army of celestials move. 655  
Three squadrons rang'd the wond'rous force display'd,  
Three fulgent circles ev'ry squadron made,  
Orb within orb ; by just degrees they rose,  
And nine bright ranks the heav'nly host compose.

His sense no more sustain'd the blaze of light, 660  
And all the vision vanish'd from his sight.  
Then round the plain his martial bands he'spy'd,  
And saw how conquest smil'd on ev'ry side.  
With brave Rinaldo numbers scale the wall ;  
Before his arms, in heaps, the Syrians fall ; 665  
No longer Godfrey then his zeal restrain'd,  
But snatch'd the standard from Alfiero's hand ;  
And, rushing o'er the bridge, the passage try'd :  
The furious Turk all passage there deny'd :  
A little space is now the glorious field, 670  
Where valour's deeds a great example yield !  
Here let me nobly fall ! (the Pagan cries)  
Be glory mine, let life the vulgar prize.  
O burst the bridge, and me alone expose ;  
I shall not meanly sink beneath the foes. 675

But now he sees th'affrighted numbers fly,  
And now beholds the dread Rinaldo nigh :  
What should I do ? (the wav'ring Soldan said)  
If here I fall, in vain my blood is shed.  
Then, other schemes revolving in his mind, 680  
He slowly to the chief the pass resign'd,  
Who threat'ning follow'd, with impetuous haste,  
And on the wall the holy standard plac'd.

The conqu'ring banner, to the breeze unroll'd,  
Redundant streams in many a waving fold : 685  
The winds, with awe, confess the heav'nly sign ;  
With purer beams the day appears to shine :  
The swords seem bid to turn their points away,  
And darts around it innocently play :  
The sacred mount the purple cross adores, 690  
And Sion owns it from her topmast tow'rs.

Then all the squadrons rais'd a shouting cry,  
The loud acclaim of joyful victory !  
From man to man the clamour pours around :  
The distant hills re-echo to the sound. 695  
And now, incens'd, impatient of delay,  
Against Argantes Tancred forc'd his way ;  
At once he launch'd his bridge, the passage made,  
And strait his standard on the walls display'd.  
But tow'rs the south, where aged Raymond fought,  
And 'gainst the Pagan king his forces brought, 701  
There deeper toil engag'd the Christian pow'r ;  
There rocky paths delay'd the cumb'rous tow'r.  
At length th'assailants and defenders hear  
The echoing shouts of conquest from afar. 705

To Aladine and Raymond soon 'tis known,  
That tow'rd the plain are Sion's ramparts won :  
Then thus the Earl aloud :—O hear, my friends,  
Before the Christian arms the city bends !  
And does she, when subdu'd, our courage dare ? 710  
Shall we alone no glorious triumph share ?  
But soon the Syrian king withdrew his force,  
Nor longer strove t'oppose the victor's course ;  
Retreating thence, a lofty fort he gain'd,  
From which he hop'd their fury to withstand. 715  
Then all the conqu'ring bands, oppos'd no more,  
Swarm o'er the walls, and thro' the portals pour.  
The thirsty sword now rages far and wide,  
Death stalks with grief and terror at his side :  
Blood runs in rivers, or in pools o'erflows, 720  
And dead and dying, heap'd, a horrid scene compose !

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END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

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THE  
NINETEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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**TANCRED** and **Argantes** retire together from the walls, and engage in single combat: After an obstinate defence, the latter is slain; and **Tancred** himself, weakened by the loss of blood, falls into a swoon. In the mean time **Rinaldo** pursues the Infidels, and compels many of them to take refuge in **Solomon's** temple. **Rinaldo** at length bursting open the gate, the Christian troops enter, and make a terrible slaughter. **Solyman** and **Aladine** fortify themselves in **David's** tower. **Solyman** defends the pass with great intrepidity, but at last retires within the fort at the appearanoe of **Godfrey** and **Rinaldo**: Night puts an end to the operations on both sides. **Vafrino** enters the Egyptian camp, where he meets with **Erminia**. In their way to the Christian tents, they find **Tancred** in appearance dead: **Erminia's** Lamentation; she recovers **Tancred** from his swoon, and, at his desire, he is conveyed with the body of **Argantes** to the city. **Vafrino** gives an account to **Godfrey** of the discoveries he has made; upon which the General determines to hold his army in readiness to encounter the Egyptian forces.

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THE  
NINETEENTH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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Now wide-destroying death, or pale affright,  
Remov'd the Pagans from their ramparts height :  
Alone, still fix'd to triumph or to fall,  
Argantes turns not from th'abandon'd wall.  
Secure he stands, his front undaunted shows, 5  
And singly combats 'midst an host of foes.  
Far more than death he dreads a sully'd name ;  
And, if he dies, would close his days with fame.  
Before the rest, intrepid Tancred flies,  
And lifts his falchion, and the chief defies. 10  
Well, by his mien and arms, confess'd to view,  
His plighted foe the fierce Argantes knew.  
Thus dost thou, Tancred, keep thy faith ! (he cry'd)  
Late art thou come our battle to decide :  
We meet not here as heroes heroes dare ; 15  
Thou com'st a base artificer of war !

Those engines are thy guard, those troops thy shield ;  
Thou bring'st strange weapons to disgrace the field !  
Yet hope not from this hand, in dreadful strife,  
(Thou woman's murderer ! ) now t'escape with life !

He said ; and Tancred, smiling with disdain, 21  
In words indignant thus reply'd again :—  
Late am I come ?—Suppress thy senseless scorn ;  
Soon shalt thou find too speedy my return ;  
When thou shalt wish, to ease thy doubtful soul, 25  
That 'twixt us Alps might rise, or oceans roll ;  
And know, by fatal proof too well display'd,  
Nor fear detain'd my arms, nor sloth delay'd.  
Come, glorious chief ! thou terror of the plain,  
By whom are heroes quell'd, and giants slain ! 30  
With me retire, and prove thy boasted might ;  
The woman's murd'rer dares thee to the fight !

Then to his troops :—Withhold your wrathful hands,  
This warrior now my sword alone demands :  
No common foe ; by challenge him I claim ; 35  
By former promise mine, and mine by fame.

Descend (again the proud Circassian cry'd)  
Or singly, or with aid, the cause decide :  
The place frequented, or the desert try ;  
With ev'ry odds thy prowess I defy ! 40

The stern convention made, at once they move  
With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.  
Already Tancred hopes the glorious strife,  
And burns with zeal to take the Pagan's life :  
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands, 45  
And envies e'en a drop to vulgar hands.

He spreads his shield, forbids the threat'ning blow,  
And guards from darts and spears his mighty foe.  
They leave the walls, impatient of delay,  
And thro' a winding path pursue their way. 50  
At length, amid surrounding hills, they view'd  
A narrow valley black with shady wood,  
That seem'd a sylvan theatre, design'd  
For chace or combat with the savage-kind.  
Here both the warriors stopp'd; when, pensive grown;  
Argantes turn'd towards the suff'ring town. 56  
Tancred, who saw his foe no buckler wield,  
Strait cast his own at distance on the field;  
Then thus began:—What means this sudden gloom?  
Think'st thou, at last, thy destin'd hour is come? 60  
If such foreboding thoughts a doubt create,  
Too late thy prescience, and thy fears too late.  
Yon city fills my mind (the chief reply'd)  
The queen of nations, and Judæa's pride,  
That vanquish'd, now must fall, while I, in vain, 65  
Attempt her sinking ruins to sustain.  
How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,  
Thy life, by Heav'n, devoted to my sword!  
He ceas'd; then wary each to combat drew:  
For each his adverse champion's valour knew. 70  
Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,  
Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.  
Argantes now'r'd superior by the head,  
With larger limbs, with shoulders broader spread.  
Now Tancred wheels, now bends t'elude the foe; 75  
Now, with his sword, averts th'impending blow.

But high, erect, the bold Argantes stood,  
And equal art with diff'rent action shew'd :  
Now here, now there, impetuous from above,  
Against the prince the brandish'd steel he drove. 80  
That, on his art and courage most relies ;  
This, on his mighty strength and giant size.

Two vessels thus their naval strife maintain,  
When no rude wind disturbs the wat'ry plain :  
Their bulk tho' diff'rent, equal is the fight ; 85  
In swiftness one, and one excels in height.  
But while the Christian seeks to reach the foe,  
And shuns the sword that seems to threat the blow,  
Full at his face the point Argantes shook ;  
Then swift, as Tancred turn'd to ward the stroke, 90  
He pierc'd his flank, and, loud exulting, said :—  
Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd !

With rage and shame indignant Tancred burn'd,  
And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd !  
Then with his falchion to the boast replies, 95  
Where to his aim the vizor open lies.

Argantes breaks the blow : with shorten'd sword,  
On him, intrepid, rush'd the Christian lord :  
The Pagan's better hand he seiz'd, and dy'd  
With many a ghastly wound his bleeding side. 100  
Receive this answer (loud the hero cries) :  
The vanquish'd to his victor thus replies !

The fierce Circassian foams with rage and pain,  
But strives to free his captive arm in vain :  
At length, dependant from the chain, he leaves 105  
The trusty falchion, and his hand reprieves.

Each other now in rude embrace they prest,  
Arms lock'd in arms, and breast oppos'd to breast.  
Not with more vigour on the sandy field  
Great Hercules the mighty giant held. 110  
Such is their conflict, so the warriors strain,  
Till both together, sidelong, press the plain.  
Argantes, as he fell, by chance or skill,  
Bore high his better arm releas'd at will:  
But Tancred's hand that should the weapon wield, 115  
Was held beneath him, pris'ner, on the field.  
Full well the Frank th' unequal peril view'd,  
And, soon recov'ring, on his feet he stood.  
More slow the Saracen the ground forsook,  
And, ere he rose, receiv'd a sudden stroke. 120  
But as the pine, whose leafy summit bends  
To Eurus' blast, at once again ascends,  
So from his fall arose the Pagan knight,  
With equal wrath and unabated might.  
Again, with flashing swords, the war they wag'd: 125  
Now less of art, and more of horror rag'd.  
From Tancred's wounds appear'd the trickling blood;  
But from Argantes pour'd a crimson flood.  
Tancred full soon his feeble arm beheld,  
Slow and more slow the weighty falchion wield: 130  
All hatred then his gen'rous breast forsook,  
And, back retreating, mildly thus he spoke:—  
Yield, dauntless chief! enough thy worth is shown;  
Or me, or fortune, for thy victors own:  
I ask no spoils, no triumph from the fight, 135  
Nor to myself reserve a conqu'ror's right.

At this, with rage renew'd, the Pagan burn'd :  
 Use what thy fortune gives—(he fierce return'd)  
 And dar'st thou then from me the conquest claim ?  
 Shall base concessions stain Argantes' fame ? 140  
 Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize ;  
 This arm shall yet thy senseless pride chastise.  
 As near extinct the torch new light acquires,  
 Revives its flame, and in a blaze expires,  
 So he, when scarce the blood maintain'd its course,  
 With kindled ire recruits his dying force ; 145  
 Resolv'd his last of days with fame to spend,  
 And crown his actions with a glorious end.  
 Grasp'd in each hand, his vengeful steel he took :  
 In vain the Christian's sword oppos'd the stroke : 150  
 Full on his shoulder fell the deadly blade,  
 Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury stay'd,  
 But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his side,  
 And stain'd his armour with a purple tide.  
 Yet Tancred's looks nor doubt nor fear confest ; 155  
 For nature's self had steel'd his dauntless breast.  
 A second stroke the haughty Pagan try'd ;  
 The wary Christian now his purpose 'spy'd,  
 And slipt, elusive, from the steel aside. }  
 Then, spent in empty air thy strength in vain, 160  
 Thou fall'st, Argantes, headlong on the plain !  
 Thou fall'st ! yet (unsubdu'd alike in all)  
 None but thyself can boast Argantes' fall !  
 Fresh stream'd the blood from ev'ry gaping wound,  
 And the red torrent delug'd all the ground : 165

Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight  
His bulk supported, and provok'd the fight.  
Again his hand the courteous victor stay'd :  
Submit, O chief ! preserve thy life (he said) :  
But, while he paus'd, the fierce insidious foe 170  
Full at his heel directs a treach'rous blow,  
And threats aloud : Then flash from Tancred's eyes  
The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries :—  
And dost thou, wretch ! such base return afford  
For life so long preserv'd from Tancred's sword ! 175

He said ; and as he spoke, no more delay'd,  
But thro' his vizor plung'd th'avenging blade.  
Thus fell Argantes. As he liv'd he dy'd ;  
Untam'd his soul, unconquer'd was his pride :  
Nor droop'd his spirit at th'approach of death, 180  
But threats and rage employ'd his latest breath.

Then Tancred in the sheath his sword bestow'd,  
And paid to GOD the thanks his conquest ow'd :  
But dear his triumph has the victor cost ;  
His senses fail, his wonted strength is lost. 185  
Again he strives to pass the valley o'er,  
And tread the steps his feet had trod before.  
Not far his tott'ring knees their load sustain,  
His utmost strength he tries, but tries in vain.  
Now, laid on earth, his arm supports his head 190  
(His arm that trembles like a feeble reed) ;  
Each object swims before his giddy sight ;  
The cheerful day seems chang'd to dusky night ;  
He faints ;—he swoons ! and scarce to mortal eyes  
The victor diff'ring from the vanquish'd lies. 195



While these, inflam'd with private hate, engag'd,  
The wrathful Christians thro' the city rag'd.  
What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,  
And speak the horrors of a conquer'd town !  
Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd ; 200  
The ghastly slain appear in mountains pil'd !  
There on th'unbury'd corse the wounded spread ;  
The living here interr'd beneath the dead.  
With flowing hair pale mothers fly distrest,  
And clasp their harmless infants to the breast : 205  
The spoiler here, impell'd by thirst of prey,  
Bears on his laden back the spoils away :  
The soldier there, by lust ungovern'd sway'd,  
Drags by her graceful locks th'affrighted maid.

But tow'rd's the mountain, where the temple stood,  
The bold Rinaldo drove the trembling crowd : 211  
Nor helm nor buckler could his force withstand ;  
Th'unarm'd alone escap'd his vengeful hand.  
He sought the brave, but scorn'd, with great disdain,  
To wreak his fury on a helpless train. 215  
Then might you wond'rous deeds of valour view,  
How these he threat'ning chac'd, and those he slew ;  
How with unequal risk, but equal fear,  
The arm'd and naked fugitives appear.

Already, mingled with th'ignobler band, 220  
A troop of warriors had the temple gain'd,  
That oft o'erthrown, and oft consum'd by flame,  
Still bears its ancient founder's glorious name.  
Great Solomon the stately fabric rear'd,  
Where marble, gold, and cedar once appear'd. 225

Less costly now ; but 'gainst the hostile pow'rs,  
Secur'd with iron-gates and guarded tow'rs.

Rinaldo rais'd his threat'ning looks on high,  
And view'd the fortress with an angry eye :  
Now here, now there, he seeks some pass to meet,  
And twice surrounds it with his rapid feet. 231  
So when a Wolf, beneath the friendly shades,  
With hopes of prey the peaceful fold invades,  
He traverses the ground with fruitless pain,  
Licks his dry chops, and thirsts for blood in vain. 235  
The chief now paus'd before the lofty gate,  
The Pagans, from above, th'encounter wait.  
While thus the hero stood, by chance, he 'spies  
A beam beside him of enormous size  
(Whate'er the use design'd) so high, so vast, 240  
The largest ship might claim it for a mast :  
This in his nervous arms aloft he shook,  
And with repeated blows the portal struck :  
Not the strong ram with greater fury falls,  
Nor bombs more fiercely shake the tott'ring walls.  
Nor steel, nor marble could the force oppose ; 246  
The fence gives way before the driving blows :  
The bars are burst, the sounding hinges torn,  
And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.  
Swift thro' the pass, the victor to sustain, 250  
Fierce as a torrent rush th'exulting train.

Then, dire to see ! the dome devote to God,  
With carnage swell'd, and pour'd a purple flood.  
O ! sacred justice of th'Almighty, shed,  
Tho' late, yet certain on the guilty head ! 255

Thy awful providence now stands confest,  
And kindles wrath in ev'ry pious breast.  
The Pagan with his blood must cleanse from stain  
Those sacred shrines which once he durst profane.

But Solyman, meanwhile, to David's tow'r 260  
Retreated with the remnant of his pow'r :  
His troops with sudden works the fort enclose,  
And stop each entrance from th'invading foes.  
And Aladine, the tyrant, thither flies ;

To whom aloud th'intrepid Soldan cries :— 265  
Come, mighty monarch ! haste, the fortress gain,  
Whose strength shall yet preserve thy threaten'd reign !  
Here may'st thou still defend thy life, secur'd  
From the dire fury of the wasting sword.

Ah me ! relentless fate (the king reply'd) 270  
O'erturns the city, levels all her pride !—

My days are run—my empire now is o'er—  
I liv'd—I reign'd—but live and reign no more !  
'Tis past !—we once have been ! behold our doom—  
The last, th'irrevocable hour is come ! 275

To whom with gen'rous warmth the Soldan said :—  
Where, prince, is all thy ancient virtue fled ?  
Tho' of his realms by fortune dispossess'd,  
A monarch's throne is seated in his breast.

But come, and here secur'd from hostile rage, 280  
Refresh thy limbs, decay'd with toils and age.  
Thus counsell'd he ; and strait with careful haste,  
The hoary king within the bulwarks plac'd.  
Himself to guard the dang'rous pass appear'd :  
With both his hands an iron mace he rear'd : 285

He girt his trusty falchion to his side,  
And all the forces of the Franks defy'd.  
On ev'ry part his thund'ring weapon flew,  
And these he overturn'd, and those he slew.  
All fled the guarded fort, with wild affright, 290  
Where'er they saw his mace's fury light.  
Now, led by fortune, with his dauntless train,  
The fearless Raymond rush'd the pass to gain.  
Against the Turk in vain he aim'd the blow ;  
But not in vain return'd his haughty foe : 295  
Full in his front the rev'rend chief he found,  
And stretch'd him pale and trembling on the ground.  
Again the vanquish'd breathe, the victors fly,  
Or in the well-defended entrance die.  
The Soldan then, who, midst the vulgar dead, 300  
Beheld on earth the Christian leader spread,  
Incites his followers, with repeated cries,  
To drag within the works their prostrate prize.  
All spring to take him (a determin'd band)  
But toils and dangers their attempt withstand. 305  
What Christian can his Raymond's 'care forego ?  
At once they fly to guard him from the foe.  
There rage, here piety maintains the fight ;  
No common cause demands each warrior's might :  
For Raymond's life or freedom they contend ; 310  
And those would seize the chief, and these defend.  
Yet had the Soldan's force at length prevail'd,  
For shields and helms before his weapon fail'd :  
But sudden, to relieve the faithful band,  
A pow'rful aid appear'd on either hand ; 315

At once the chief of chiefs, resistless, came ;  
And he \*, the foremost of the martial name.

As when loud winds arise, and thunders roll,  
And glancing lightnings gleam from pole to pole,  
The shepherd-swain, who sees the dark'ning air, 320  
Withdraws from open fields his fleecy care ;  
And, thence retreating, to some covert flies,  
To shun the fury of th'inclement skies ;  
And with his voice and crook his flock constrains ;  
Himself, behind them, last forsakes the plains. 325  
So the fierce Pagan who the storm beheld,  
That like a whirlwind swept the dusty field,  
Who heard the shouts of legions rend the air,  
And saw the flash of armour from afar,  
Compell'd his troops within the shelt'ring tow'r ; 330  
Himself, reluctant, from superior pow'r  
Retires the last, with unabated heat,  
In caution brave, intrepid in defeat.

Scarce were they enter'd, when, with headlong haste,  
Rinaldo o'er the broken fences pass'd ; 335  
Desire to vanquish one so fam'd in fight,  
His plighted vows the hero's soul excite :  
For still he keeps his solemn oath in view,  
To take the warrior's life who Sweno slew.  
Then had his matchless arm the walls assail'd, 340  
Then had their strength to shield the Soldan fail'd :  
But here the gen'ral bade surcease the fight,  
For all th'horizon round was lost in night.

\* RINALDO.

There Godfrey strait encamp'd his martial train,  
Resolv'd at morn the hostile fort to gain. 345  
Then cheerful thus his list'ning host he warms :  
Th'Almighty favours now the Christian arms !  
At early dawn yon fortress shall be ours ;  
The last weak refuge of the faithless pow'rs !  
Meantime your thoughts to pious duties bend, 350  
The sick to comfort, and the wounded tend.  
Go, pay the rights those gallant friends demand,  
Who purchas'd with their blood this fated land ;  
This temper better suits the Christian name  
Than souls with av'rice or revenge on flame. 355  
Too much, alas ! has slaughter stain'd the day ;  
Too much has lust of plunder borne the sway.  
Then cease from spoil, each cruel deed forbear,  
And let the trumpet's sound our will declare.

He said ; and went where, scarce repriev'd from death,  
Still Raymond groan'd with new-recover'd breath. 361  
Nor Solyman less bold, his friends address'd,  
While in his thought the chief his doubts suppress'd.  
O warriors, scorn the change of fortune's pow'r ;  
Still cheerful hope maintains her blooming flow'r ;  
Safe is your king, and safe his chosen train ; 366  
These walls the noblest of the realm contain.  
Then let the Franks their empty conquest boast ;  
Swift fate impends o'er all th'exulting host :  
While rage and plunder ev'ry soul employ, 370  
And lust and murder are their savage joy :  
Amidst the mingled tumult shall they fall,  
And one destructive hour o'erwhelm 'em all,

If Egypt's bands, now hast'ning to our aid,  
With num'rous force their scatter'd pow'rs invade. 375  
From hence our missile weapons can we pour,  
To whelm the city with a rocky show'r ;  
And with our engines, from afar, defend  
The paths that to the sepulchre ascend.

While deeds like these were wrought, Vafrino goes  
(A trusty spy) amidst an host of foes : 381  
The camp he left, his lonely way he took,  
What time the sun the western sky forsook :  
By Ascalon he pass'd, ere yet the day  
Shed from his orient throne the golden ray : 385  
And when his car had reach'd the midmost height,  
The hostile camp appear'd in open sight.  
There, pitch'd around, unnumber'd tents he sees,  
Unnumber'd streamers waving to the breeze.  
Discordant tongues assail his wond'ring ears ; 390  
Timbrels, and horns, and barb'rous notes he hears.  
The elephant and camel mix their cries ;  
The gen'rous steed, with shriller sound, replies.  
Surpriz'd he sees such num'rous forces join'd,  
Where Asia's realms and Afric's seem combin'd. 395

Now here, now there, his watchful looks he throws,  
And marks what diff'rent works the camp enclose :  
Nor seeks in unfrequented parts to lie ;  
Nor shuns th'observance of the public eye ;  
But boldly to each high pavilion goes, 400  
And, fearless, communes with th'unconscious foes.  
Wise were his questions, well his answers made,  
And deepest prudence all his actions sway'd.

The warriors, steeds, and arms attract his view ;  
Full soon each leader's rank and name he knew. 405  
At length, as wand'ring thro' the vale he went,  
Chance led his footsteps to the gen'ral's tent :  
There while immers'd in deepest thought he stay'd,  
His searching eyes a friendly gap survey'd ;  
From this each voice within distinct was heard ; 410  
Thro' this, reveal'd, th'interior parts appear'd.  
There watch'd Vafrino, while he seem'd employ'd  
To mend the torn pavilion's op'ning side.

Bare-headed there he saw the chief confest,  
With limbs in armour sheath'd, and purple vest : 415  
Two pages bore his helmet and his shield ;  
His better hand a pointed jav'lin held ;  
He view'd a warrior, who beside him stood,  
Of limbs gigantic, and of semblance proud.  
Vafrino stay'd, intent their words to hear, 420  
And sudden, Godfrey's name assail'd his ear.

Think'st thou (the leader thus the knight bespoke)  
That Godfrey sure shall fall beneath thy stroke ?

Then he :—He surely falls ! and here I swear  
Ne'er to return but victor from the war. 425  
This hand my fellow's sword shall render vain ;  
And let my deed this sole reward obtain ;  
A glorious trophy of his arms to raise  
In Cairo's town, and thus inscribe my praise :—  
“ These from the Christian chief, whose force o'er-run  
“ All Asia's lands, in battle Ormond won ; 435  
“ And fix'd them here, that future times may tell  
“ How, by his prowess vanish'd, Godfrey fell.”



Think not our grateful king (the leader cries)  
Will view th'important act with thankless eyes : 435  
Full gladly will he yield to thy demand,  
And crown thy service with a bounteous hand.  
But now, with speed, the vests and arms prepare;  
Th'approaching day of combat claims thy care.  
All, all is now prepar'd, the knight reply'd : 440  
And here the converse ceas'd on either side.

Thus they. A stranger to the hidden sense,  
The words Vafrino heard in deep suspense ;  
Oft-times debating in his anxious mind,  
What arms were purpos'd, and what wiles design'd. 445

He parted thence, and sleepless pass'd the night,  
And watch'd impatient for the dawning light ;  
But when the camp, as early morning shin'd,  
Unfurl'd the waving banners to the wind,  
Mix'd with the rest he went, with these he stay'd ; 450  
And round from tent to tent uncertain stray'd.

One day he came to where, in regal state,  
Amidst her knights and dames, Armida sate.  
Pensive she seem'd, with various cares oppress'd,  
A thousand thoughts revolving in her breast : 455  
On her fair hand her lovely cheek she plac'd,  
And prone to earth her starry eyes she cast,  
All moist with tears. Full opposite he saw  
Adrastus motionless with silent awe :  
Fix'd on her charms, he gaz'd with fond desire, 460  
And with the prospect fed his am'rous fire.  
But Tisaphernes both by turns beheld,  
While diff'rent passions in his bosom swell'd :

His changing looks a quick succession prove,  
Now fir'd with hatred, now enflam'd with love. 465  
From thence Vafrino cast his sight aside,  
And, 'midst the damsels, Altamorus 'spy'd ;  
Who curb'd the licence of his roving eyes,  
Or snatch'd his wary glances by surprise.  
Her hand, her face with secret rapture view'd, 470  
And oft, by stealth, a sweeter search pursu'd,  
T'explore the passage where th'uncautious vest  
Reveal'd the beauties of her iv'ry breast.

At length her downcast looks Armida rears,  
While through her grief a transient smile appears. 475  
O brave Adrastus ! in thy glorious boast,  
I feel (she cries) my former anguish lost :  
And soon I trust a sweet revenge to find ;  
For sweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind.

To whom the Indian :—Bid thy sorrows cease, 480  
O royal fair ! compose thy soul to peace.  
Doubt not to view (ere many days are fled)  
Cast at thy feet Rinaldo's impious head ;  
Else shall he come, if so thy will ordains,  
To servile dungeons, and eternal chains. 485

To Tisaphernes, smiling, then she said :—  
And wilt not thou, O chief, Armida aid ?

It suits not me (he taunting thus reply'd)  
With such a knight to combat side by side.  
But I, more slow, in fields of battle new, 490  
Must far behind thy champion's steps pursue.

Sternly he said ; the word the monarch took,  
And straight, incens'd with pride, ungovern'd spoke :—

'Tis thine, indeed, a distant war to wage,  
Nor dare, like me, in nearer fight engage. 495

Then Tisaphernes shook his haughty head :  
O were I master of this arm ! (he said)  
Could I, at will, this faithful falchion wield,  
We soon should see who best could brave the field.  
Fierce as thou art, thy threats with scorn I hear ! 500  
Not thee, but Heav'n and tyrant love I fear.

He ceas'd : Adrastus, stern, his force defy'd ;  
But here Armida interpos'd, and cry'd :—

O warriors ! wherefore now, your promise vain,  
Will you so soon resume your gift again ? 505  
My champions are ye both—let this suffice  
To bind your jarring souls in friendly ties.  
At my command this rash contention cease ;  
He meets my anger first who wounds the peace.

Thus she. At once the rage their breasts forsook,  
And hearts discordant bow'd beneath her yoke. 511

Vafrino present, all their converse knew,  
Then, pensive, from the lofty tent withdrew :  
He saw, tho' deeply yet in clouds enshrin'd,  
Some treason 'gainst the Christian chief design'd. 515  
He question'd oft, resolv'd each means to try,  
To bear the secret thence, or bravely die.  
In vain his search—till chance at length display'd  
The treach'rous snares for pious Godfrey laid.  
Again he sought the tent, and view'd again 520  
The princess seated 'midst her warrior train :  
Then near a damsel with familiar air  
He drew, and sportive thus address'd the fair :—

I too would gladly draw th'avenging blade,  
Th'elected champion of some lovely maid : 525  
Perhaps this arm Rinaldo's self may feel,  
Or Godfrey breathless sink beneath my steel.  
Ask from this hand (to me that service owe)  
The head devoted of some barb'rous foe.

So spoke the 'squire ; and, smiling as he spoke, 530  
A virgin view'd him with attentive look.

Sudden her eyes his well-known face confess'd,  
Beside him soon she stood, and thus address'd :—

From all the train I here thy sword demand,  
Nor ask ignoble service at thy hand : 535

I chose thee for my champion ; hence retire,  
I now thy converse, as my knight, require.

She said ; and drew him from the throng aside.  
I know thee well, Vafrino ! (then she cry'd)  
Know'st thou not me ? — Confus'd the Christian stood,  
Till with a smile he thus his speech renew'd :— 541

Ne'er have I seen thy charms, exalted fair,  
Nor is the name thou speak'st the name I bear :  
Born on Biserta's shore, my birth I claim  
From Lesbin' ; and Almanzor is my name. 545

Long have I known thy state (the maid reply'd)  
Then seek not thus, in vain, thyself to hide :  
Dismiss thy fear ; thou see'st a faithful friend  
For thee prepar'd her dearest life to spend.  
Behold Erminia ! born of royal kind, 550  
And once, with thee, in Tancred's service join'd :  
Two happy moons, a blissful captive there,  
I liv'd in peace beneath thy gentle care.

Then on her face he bent his earnest view,  
And soon the features of Erminia knew. 555

Rest on my faith secure (the damsel cries)  
I here attest the sun and conscious skies !  
Ah ! let me now thy pitying aid implore ;  
Erminia to her former bonds restore !  
In irksome freedom since my hours were led, 560  
Care fills my days, and slumber flies my bed.  
Com'st thou the secrets of the host to 'spy ?  
In happy time—on me thou may'st rely :  
I shall at full their purpos'd frauds explain ;  
Which thou, perchance, had'st long explor'd in vain.

Thus she ; while doubtful still Vafreno mus'd 566  
In silent gaze, with various thoughts confus'd.  
He call'd Armida's former arts to mind :  
Woman's a changeful and loquacious kind :  
A thousand schemes their fickle hearts divide : 570  
Insensate those that in the sex confide !  
At length he spoke :—If hence you seek to fly,  
Haste, let us go ; your trusty guide am I.  
Be this resolv'd—but let us yet beware,  
And further speech, till fitter time, forbear. 575

Thus having said, they fix'd without delay,  
Before the troops decamp'd, to take their way.  
Vafreno parted thence ; the cautious maid  
A while in converse with the damsels stay'd ;  
Amus'd them with her champion lately gain'd, 580  
And with a plausible tale each ear detain'd :  
Till at th'appointed time the 'squire she join'd ;  
Then mounts her steed, and leaves the camp behind

The Pagan tents were vanish'd from the view ;  
And near an unfrequented place they drew ; 585  
When bold Vafrino spoke :—Now, courteous fair,  
The treason, fram'd for Godfrey's life, declare.

Eight knights (she cry'd) the dire adventure claim,  
But Ormond, fierce, excels the rest in fame.

These, urg'd by hatred, or inflam'd with ire, 590  
In murd'rous league against your chief conspire :

Then hear their arts :—what time on Syria's plain

Th'embattled hosts contend for Asia's reign ;

These on their arms the purple Cross shall bear,

Disguis'd as Franks in white and gold appear, 595

Like Godfrey's guard, amid the mingl'd war.

But on his helm shall each a signal show,

Which, in the thick'ning fight, their friends may know.

These shall the Christian leader's life pursue,

And deadly venom shall their steel imbrue. 600

To me 'twas giv'n each false device to frame ;

Compell'd to act what now I loath to name !

Hence from the camp I fly with just disdain,

From the dire mandates of an impious train :

I scorn my thoughts with treason to defile, 605

T'assist the traitor, and partake the guile.

For this—yet not for this alone I fled.—

She ceas'd ; and, ceasing, blush'd with rosy red :

Declin'd to earth she held her modest look,

And half again recall'd what last she spoke. 610

But what her virgin scruples strove to hide,  
He sought to learn, and gently thus reply'd :—

Why wilt thou strive thy sorrows to conceal,  
Nor to my faithful ear thy cares reveal ?  
She breath'd a sigh that instant from her breast, 615  
Then, with a falt'ring voice, the 'squire address :—  
Farewell ill-tim'd reserve ! no more I claim  
The modesty that fits a virgin's name.  
Such thoughts should long ere this my heart have sway'd,  
But ah ! they suit no more a wand'ring maid. 620  
That fatal night, my country's overthrow,  
When Antioch bow'd before the Christian foe ;  
From that, alas ! my following woes I date,  
The early source of my disast'rous fate !  
Light was a kingdom's loss, an empire's boast, 625  
For with my regal state myself I lost !  
Thou know'st, Vafrino, how I trembling ran,  
'Midst heaps of plunder and my subjects slain,  
To seek thy lord and mine, when, first in view,  
All sheath'd in arms he near my palace drew. 630  
Low at his feet I breath'd this humble pray'r,—  
Unconquer'd chief ! a helpless virgin hear !  
Not for my life I now thy mercy claim ;  
But save my honour, guard my spotless fame !—  
Ere yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took, 635  
And rais'd me from the earth, and courteous spoke :  
O lovely maid ! in vain thou shalt not sue ;  
In me thy friend, thy kind preserver view.  
He said ; a sudden pleasure fill'd my breast,  
A sweet sensation ev'ry thought possest, 640  
That, deeply spreading thro' my soul, became  
A wound incurable, a quenchless flame !

He saw me oft ; he gently shar'd my grief ;  
With words of comfort gave my woes relief.  
To thee (he cry'd) thy freedom I resign ; 645  
Nor aught of all thy treasures shall be mine.  
O cruel gift ! O bounty vainly shown,  
For giving me myself, myself he won !  
And while he thus restor'd th'ignobler part,  
Usurp'd the sov'reign empire o'er my heart. 650  
Alas ! in vain I sought to hide my shame—  
How oft with thee I dwelt on Tancred's name !  
Thou saw'st the tokens of a mind distress,  
And said'st, Erminia, love disturbs thy breast !  
Still I deny'd, but still deny'd in vain : 655  
My looks, my sighs reveal'd my secret pain.  
At length, resolv'd my wishes to pursue,  
Love all respect of fear and shame o'erthrew.  
To seek my lord I went, in luckless hour  
(He gave the wound, and he alone could cure) ; 660  
But lo ! new dangers in my way I met,  
A band of barb'rous foes my steps beset :  
From these I scarce with life and freedom fled :  
Thence to the distant woods my course I sped ;  
There chose with shepherd-swains retir'd to dwell,  
A humble tenant of the lonely cell. 666  
But when my flame, a while by fear suppress'd,  
Once more, returning, kindled in my breast,  
Again I sought the paths I sought before ;  
Again was cross'd by fickle fortune's pow'r ; 670  
A troop of spoilers in my way I found  
(Egyptian forces, and to Gaza bound) ;



Those lips from whence such soothing words could flow  
To ease a virgin's, and a captive's woe !

Let me, at least, this mournful office pay, 735

And rend in part from death his spoils away.

Receive my spirit ready wing'd for flight,

And guide from hence to realms of endless light.

She said ; her bosom swell'd with lab'ring sighs,

And briny torrents trickl'd from her eyes. 740

At this the knight, who seem'd of sense depriv'd,

Wash'd with her tears, by slow degrees reviv'd ;

A sigh he mingl'd with the virgin's sighs ;

He sigh'd, but rais'd not yet his languid eyes.

His breath returning, soon the dame perceiv'd ; 745

A dawn of hope her fainting soul reliev'd.

See, Tancred ! see ! (exclaim'd the tender maid)

The mournful rites by dear affection paid.

Behold, I come thy fortune to divide—

Thus will I sink, thus perish by thy side ! 750

Yet, yet a while thy fleeting life retain—

O hear my last request, nor hear in vain !

Then Tancred strove to view the cheerful light,

But soon again withdrew his swimming sight.

Again Erminia vents her tears and sighs, 755

Again she mourns. Forbear ! (Vafrino cries)

Still, still he breathes : be then our care essay'd

To heal the living ere we weep the dead.

He strait disarms the chief, she trembling stands,

And to the office lends her friendly hands ; 760

Then views the hero's wounds with skilful eyes,

And feels new hopes within her bosom rise :

But 'midst those desarts nought the fair can find,  
Nought but her slender veil his wounds to bind :  
Yet love, inventive, ev'ry scheme ran o'er ; 765  
Love taught her various arts untry'd before.  
Her locks she cut ; with these she gently dry'd  
The clotted blood ; the bandage these supply'd.  
Tho' there nor dittany nor crocus grew,  
Yet diff'rent herbs of lenient pow'r she knew. 770  
Already now, his mortal sleep dispell'd,  
The languid prince again his eyes unseal'd :  
He view'd his 'squire, he saw th'attending maid  
In foreign vesture clad, and faintly said,  
From whence, Vafrino ? dost thou hither stray ? 775  
And who art thou ? my kind preserver ! say.  
She doubtful still, 'twixt joy and sorrow, sighs ;  
Then blushes rosy red, and thus replies :—  
All shalt thou know ; but now from converse cease :  
Hear my commands, and calm thy thoughts to peace.  
I, your physician, will your health restore ; 781  
Be grateful for my care — I ask no more.  
Then in her lap his head she gently laid :  
In anxious doubt a while Vafrino stay'd.  
How to the camp his wounded lord to bear, 785  
Ere dewy night advanc'd to chill the air :  
When, sudden, near a band of warriors drew,  
And soon his eyes the troops of Tancred knew ;  
Who hither came, by happy fortune brought,  
As fill'd with fear their absent chief they sought. 790  
These rais'd th'enfeebld hero from the field,  
And gently in their faithful arms upheld.

Then Tancred thus :—Shall brave Argantes, slain,  
 Be left, a prey to vultures, on the plain ?  
 Ah, no !—forbid it, Heav'n ! nor let him lose 795  
 A soldier's honours, or sepulchral dues.  
 I wage no battle with the silent dead ;  
 In fight the glorious debt he boldly paid :  
 Then on his worth the rightful praise bestow ;  
 'Tis all the living to the lifeless owe. 800

So he. Obsequious to their lord's command,  
 His breathless foe they rear'd from off the land.  
 Behind they bore him, while, with guardian care,  
 Vafrino rode beside the royal fair.  
 Then spoke the prince, as thus they journey'd on :—  
 Seek not my tents, but seek th'imperial town : 806  
 What chance soe'er this mortal frame shall meet,  
 There let me find it, in that holy seat :  
 From thence, where CHRIST a prey to death was giv'n,  
 My soul may wing her readier flight to Heav'n : 810  
 So shall I then my pilgrimage have made,  
 And the last vows of my devotion paid.

He said : to Sion's walls the train address'd  
 Their ready course : There soon the warrior press'd  
 The welcome couch, and sunk to gentle rest, 815  
 And now Vafrino for the virgin-fair  
 A secret place provides with silent care :  
 That done, to Godfrey's sight with speed he goes ;  
 And enters boldly (none his steps oppose)  
 Where sat the leader, bending o'er the bed 820  
 On which the wounded Raymond's limbs were spread.

And round their prince (a great assembly) stand  
The best, the wisest of the Christian band.  
All gaz'd in silence, with attentive look,  
While thus Vafrino to the gen'ral spoke :— 825  
O sacred chief ! thy high commands obey'd,  
I sought the faithless crew, their camp survey'd ;  
But here my skill, to tell their number, fails ;  
I saw them hide the mountains, fields, and vales :  
Their thirst the copious streams and fountains dries ;  
And Syria's harvest scarce their food supplies. 831  
But many a troop of horse and foot, in vain,  
Unskill'd in battle, load th'encumber'd plain :  
Nor order these obey, nor signals hear,  
Nor draw the sword, but wage a distant war : 835  
Yet some are forces prov'd, not new to fame,  
Who once beneath the Persian standards came :  
But chief o'er all those mighty warriors stand,  
Th'Immortal Squadron call'd, the Monarch's chosen band  
The ranks, unthinn'd, no slaughter can deface ;  
Still, as one falls, another fills his place. 841  
Brave Emirenes leads the num'rous host ;  
And few can equal skill or courage boast.  
And him, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,  
The Caliph trusts to draw thee to the field. 845  
Ere twice returning morn the day renew,  
Expect to find th'Egyptian camp in view.  
But thou, Rinaldo ! must thy life defend ;  
For which, ere long, such warriors shall contend :  
For this the noblest champions wield their arms ; 850  
With rival hate each breast Armida warms :

For with her beauty shall his deed be paid,  
Who from the battle brings thy forfeit head.  
'Midst these, the noble chief from Persia's lands,  
Samarcand's monarch, Altamorus stands. 855  
Adrastus there is seen, of giant size,  
Whose kingdom near Aurora's confines lies.  
No common courser in the field he reins;  
His bulk a tow'ring elephant sustains.  
There Tisaphernes boasts his glorious name, 860  
Who bears in hardy deeds the foremost fame.

Thus he : the youth, inflam'd with gen'rous ire,  
Darts from his ardent eyes the sparkling fire :  
He burns with noble zeal to meet the foes,  
And all his soul with martial ardor glows. 865

Then to the chief the 'squire his speech renew'd :  
Yet more remains to speak (he thus pursu'd):  
For thee the Pagans deeper wiles prepare ;  
For thee has treason spread its blackest snare !  
He said ; and to the list'ning peers explain'd 870  
The fatal purpose of th'insidious band ;  
Fierce Ormond's boast and proud demand disclos'd,  
And all the murd'rous fraud at full expos'd.

Much was he ask'd ; and much again reply'd :  
Short silence then ensu'd on ev'ry side. 875  
At length the leader, lost in various thought,  
From hoary Raymond's wisdom counsel sought.

Then he :—Attend my words. At morning hour,  
With forces deep enclose yon hostile tow'r ;  
And let the troops a while recruit their might, 880  
And rouse their vigour for a greater fight.

Thou, as shall best beseem, O chief, prepare  
For open action, or for covert war.  
Yet this I most o'er ev'ry care commend,  
In ev'ry chance thy valu'd life defend : 885  
Thou giv'st success to crown our favour'd host,  
And who shall guide our arms if thou art lost ?  
That all the Pagan fraud may stand confest,  
Command thy guard to change their wonted vest :  
So shall the traitors thro' the field be known, 890  
And on their heads their impious treason thrown.  
O still the same ! (the leader thus replies)  
Thou speak'st the friend, and all thy words are wise !  
Now hear the purpose in our thoughts decreed :  
Against the foe our battle will we lead : 895  
In walls or trenches ne'er shall basely rest  
A camp triumphant o'er the spacious east !  
'Tis ours to meet yon barb'rous troops in fight,  
And prove our former worth in open light.  
Before our swords shall fly the trembling train : 900  
Thus shall we firmly fix our future reign :  
The tow'r shall soon our stronger force obey,  
And, unsupported, yield an easy prey.  
He ceas'd ; and to his tent his steps address ;  
For now the sinking stars invite to rest. 905



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**THE  
TWENTIETH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.**

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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The Egyptian army arrives, the generals on both sides prepare for the battle. The speeches of Godfrey and Emirenes. The Christians make the onset: Gildippe signalizes herself, and engages Altamorus, who had made great havock of the Christians. Ormond is killed by Godfrey, and his associates are all cut to pieces. Rinaldo attacks the Moors and Arabs, and defeats them with great slaughter: He passes by Armida's chariot; her behaviour on that occasion. Solyman, from the tower, takes a prospect of the battle, and, fired with emulation, leaves his fortress: Aladine, and the rest of the Pagans, accompany him. Raymond is felled to the ground by Solyman, but Tancred, hearing the tumult, issues from the place where he lay ill of his wounds, and defends him from the enemy. Aladine is slain by Raymond. The Soldan having forced his way through the Syrians and Gascons that surrounded the tower, enters the field of battle. The deaths of Edward and Gildippe. Adrastus is killed by Rinaldo, and Solyman falls by the same hand. Emirenes endeavours, in vain, to rally his troops. Tisaphernes performs great actions, till he is slain by Rinaldo. Armida flies from the field; Rinaldo pursues her: The interview between them. Godfrey kills Emirenes, and takes Altamorus prisoner. The Pagans fly on all sides; and Godfrey enters the temple victorious, and pays his devotions at the tomb.

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THE  
TWENTIETH BOOK  
OF  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

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THE sun had rous'd mankind with early ray,  
And up the steep of Heav'n advanc'd the day,  
When from the lofty tow'r the Pagans 'spy  
A dusty whirlwind that obscur'd the sky,  
Like ev'ning's shade. At length, reveal'd to sight, 5  
Th'Egyptian host appear'd in open light :  
The num'rous ranks the spacious champaign fill'd,  
Spread o'er the mountains and the plains conceal'd.  
Then sudden, from the troop besieg'd, ascends  
A gen'ral shout that all the region rends. 10  
With such a sound the cranes embody'd fly  
From Thracian shores to seek a warmer sky ;  
With noise they cut the clouds, and leave behind  
The wint'ry tempest and the freezing wind.  
Now hope, rekindling, fires the Pagan band ; 15  
Swells ev'ry threat, and urges ev'ry hand.

This soon the Franks perceiv'd, and instant knew  
From whence their foes recover'd fury grew.  
They look'd, and, 'midst the rolling smoke, beheld  
The moving legions that o'erspread the field. 20  
At once a gen'rous rage each bosom warms;  
At once each valiant hero pants for arms.  
Around their chief with eager looks they stand,  
And loud the signal for the war demand.

But, well advis'd, the prudent chief denies 25  
To wage the battle till the morn arise.  
He rules their ardor, he controuls their might,  
And points a fitter season for the fight.  
They hear, observant, and his voice obey,  
But burn impatient for the dawning ray. 30

At length, high seated on her eastern throne,  
The breezy morn with welcome lustre shone;  
Wide o'er the skies she shed her ruddy streams,  
And glow'd with all the sun's enliv'ning beams:  
While heav'n serene, and cloudless, would survey 35  
The glorious deeds of that auspicious day.

Soon as the dawn appears, with early care,  
His army Godfrey leads in form of war;  
But leaves, t'enclose the foes beleaguer'd tow'r,  
Experienc'd Raymond with the Syrian pow'r 40  
That from the neighb'ring lands auxiliar came,  
And hail'd with joy the great deliv'rer's name:  
A num'rous throng!—nor these alone remain;  
To these he adds the hardy Gascon train.

Now tow'r'd the leader with exalted mien, 45  
While certain conquest in his eyes was seen:

With more than wonted state he seem'd to tread ;  
A sudden youth was o'er his features spread :  
Celestial favour beam'd in ev'ry look,  
And ev'ry act a more than mortal spoke. 50

Now near advanc'd, the pious hero view'd  
Where, deeply throng'd, th'Egyptian squadrons stood ;  
And strait, to seize a fav'ring hill he sends,  
Whose height his army's left and rear defends.  
His troops he rang'd ; the midst the foot contain'd ;  
In either wing the lighter horse remain'd. 56  
The left, that to the friendly hill was join'd,  
The chief to either Roberts care consign'd :  
The midst his brother held ; himself the right,  
Where open lay the dangers of the fight. 60  
Here, mix'd with horse, accusom'd thus t'engage,  
A distant war, on foot, the archers wage.  
Behind th'advent'urers to the right he led,  
And plac'd the bold Rinaldo at their head.

In thee, intrepid warrior, (Godfrey cries) 65  
Our strong defence, our hope of conquest lies.  
Behind the wing a while remain conceal'd ;  
But when the foes advance t'invade the field,  
Assail their flank, as vainly they contend  
To wheel around us, and our rear offend. 70

Then on a rapid steed, in open view,  
From rank to rank, 'twixt horse and foot, he flew.  
From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he cast ;  
His eyes, his figure lighten'd as he past !  
The cheerful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd, 75  
And, for their former deeds, the valiant prais'd.

He bade the bold their ancient boasts regard ;  
Some urg'd with honour's, some with gold's reward.  
At length he stays where thick'ning round him stand  
The first, the bravest of the martial band : 80  
Then from on high his speech each hearer warms,  
Swells the big thought, and fires the soul to arms.  
As from steep hills the rushing torrents flow,  
Increas'd with sudden falls of melting snow,  
So from his lips, with swift effusion, pours 85  
Mellifluous eloquence in copious show'rs.

O you, the scourge of JESUS' foes profest,  
O glorious heroes † conqu'rors of the east !  
Behold the day arriv'd, so long desir'd,  
The wish'd-for day to which your hopes aspir'd † 90  
Some great event th'Almighty sure designs,  
Who all his rebels in one force combines :  
See ! in one field he brings your various foes,  
That one great battle all your wars may close.  
Despise yon Pagans, an ungovern'd host, 95  
Lost in confusion, in their numbers lost !  
Our mighty force can troops like these sustain ?  
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train !  
From sloth or servile labours brought from far,  
Compell'd, reluctant, to the task of war ! 100  
Their swords now tremble, trembles ev'ry shield ;  
Their fearful standards tremble on the field.  
I hear their doubtful sounds, their motions view,  
And see death hov'ring o'er the fated crew.  
Yon leader fierce and glorious to behold, 105  
In flaming purple and refulgent gold,

Might quell the Moorish and Arabian train,  
But here his valour, here his worth is vain :  
Wise tho' he be, what methods shall he prove  
To rule his army, or their fears remove ? 110  
Scarce is he known, and scarce his troops can name,  
Nor calls them partners of his former fame :  
We ev'ry toil and ev'ry triumph share,  
Fellows in arms, and brothers of the war !  
Is there a warrior but your chief can tell 115  
His native country, and his birth reveal ?  
What sword to me unknown ? What shaft that flies  
With missile death along the liquid skies ?  
I ask but what I oft have gain'd before :  
Be still yourselves, and Godfrey seeks no more. 120  
Preserve your zeal, your fame, and mine attend :  
But, far o'er all, the faith of CHRIST defend !  
Go, crush those impious on the fatal plain :  
With their defeat your sacred rights maintain.  
What should I more ? I see your ardent eyes ! 125  
Conquest awaits you ! seize the glorious prize.  
He ceas'd ; and instant, like a flashing light,  
When stars or meteors stream thro' dusky night,  
A sudden splendor on his brow was shed,  
And lambent glories play'd around his head. 130  
All wond'ring, gaze ; and some the sign explain  
The certain omen of his future reign.  
Perchance (if mortal thoughts so high may soar,  
Or dare the secrets of the skies explore)  
From heav'nly seats his guardian angel flew, 135  
And o'er the chief his golden pinions threw.

While Godfrey thus the Christian host prepares,  
Th'Egyptian leader, press'd with equal cares,  
Extends his num'rous force to meet the foes :  
The midst the foot, the wings the horse compose : 140  
Himself the right ; the midst Mulasses guides :  
There, in the central war, Armida rides.  
In pomp barbaric near the leader stand  
India's stern king, and all the regal band :  
There Tisaphernes lifts his haughty head ; 145  
But where the squadrons to the left were spread,  
(A wider space) there Altamorus brings  
His Afric monarchs, and his Persian kings :  
From thence their slings, their arrows they prepare,  
And all the missile thunder of the war. 150  
Now Emirenes ev'ry rank inspires,  
The fearful raises, and the valiant fires :  
To those he cry'd :—What mean your looks deprest ?  
What fear, unmanly, harbours in your breast ?  
Our near approach shall daunt yon hostile train, 155  
Our shouts alone shall drive them from the plain.  
To these :—No more delay, ye gen'rous bands !  
Redeem the pillage from the spoilers hands.  
In some he 'waken'd ev'ry tender thought,  
Each lov'd idea to remembrance brought. 160  
O ! think by me your country begs (he cries)  
And thus, adjuring, on your aid relies !  
Preserve my laws, preserve each sacred fane,  
Nor let my childrens blood my temples stain :  
Preserve from ruffian force th'affrighted maid ; 165  
Preserve the tombs and ashes of the dead !

To you, oppress'd with bending age and woe,  
Their silver locks your hoary fathers show :  
To you, your wives, your lisping infants sue ;  
All ask their safety and their lives from you. 170

He said, and ceas'd ; for nearer now was seen  
Th'advancing pow'rs, and small the space between.  
Now front to front in dreadful pause they stand,  
Burn for the fight, and only wait command.  
The streaming banners to the wind are spread, 175  
The plumage nods on ev'ry crested head ;  
Arms, vests, devices catch the sunny rays,  
And steel and gold with mingl'd splendor blaze !  
Each spacious host, on either side, appears  
A steely wood, a grove of waving spears. 180  
They bend their bows, in rest their lances take,  
They whirl their slings, their ready jav'lines shake.  
Each gen'rous steed to meet the fight aspires,  
And seconds, with his own, his master's fires ;  
He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath, 185  
And smoke and flame his swelling nostrils breathe.

E'en horror pleas'd in such a glorious sight,  
Each beating bosom felt severe delight ;  
While the shrill trumpets, echoing from afar,  
With dreadful transports animate the war. 190  
But still the faithful bands superior stood,  
More clear their notes, more fair their battle shew'd :  
Their louder trumpets rous'd a nobler flame,  
And from their arms a brighter lustre came.

The Christians sound the charge ; the foes reply ;  
And the mix'd clangors rattle in the sky. 196



What tongue can tell the throng depriv'd of breath,  
The wounds describe, or dwell on ev'ry death?

None yet appear'd, of all the warring band,  
Who durst sustain his valour hand to hand. 260

Alone Gildippe 'gainst the monarch came;  
No fear could damp her gen'rous thirst of fame.  
Less bold on fair Thermoodon's winding shore,  
Each warlike Amazon her buckler bore,  
Or rear'd her axe; than now, with glorious heat, 265  
Gildippe rush'd the Persian's rage to meet.

She rais'd her sword, and struck the regal crown  
That round his helm with pomp barbaric shone.  
The glitt'ring honours from his brows she rent:  
Beneath the force the mighty warrior bent. 270

The king with shame the pow'rful arm confess'd,  
And swift, t'avenge the blow, his steel address'd:  
Full on her front so fierce the dame he struck,  
That sense her mind, and strength her limbs forsook.  
Then had she fall'n, but near, with ready hand 275  
Her faithful lord her sinking weight sustain'd.  
No more the lofty foe his stroke pursu'd,  
But with disdain an easy conquest view'd:  
So the bold lion, with a scornful eye,

Scowls on the prostrate prey, and passes by. 280

Meantime fierce Ormond, who, with murd'rous care,  
Had spread for Godfrey's life the fatal snare,  
Disguis'd, was mingl'd with the Christian band,  
And near their chief his dire associates stand.  
So prowling wolves an entrance seek to gain, 285  
Like faithful dogs, amongst the woolly train:

They watch the folds when welcome shades arise,  
And hide their quiv'ring tails between their thighs.  
Th'insidious band advanc'd, and now in view,  
Near pious Godfrey's side the Pagan drew. 290  
Soon as the prince the white and gold survey'd,  
(The certain token which their wile betray'd)  
Behold the traitor there confess'd (he cries)  
Who veils his treason with a Frank's disguise !  
At me his followers aim the deadly blow.— 295  
He said, and rush'd against the treach'rous foe.  
O'er Ormond swift th'avenging blade he rais'd ;  
Th'astonish'd wretch, without resistance, gaz'd ;  
And, while a sudden terror froze his blood,  
With stiff'ning limbs, a senseless statue stood. 300  
Each sword was turn'd against the fraudulent crew,  
At these the shafts from ev'ry quiver flew :  
In pieces hewn their bodies strew the plains ;  
And not a single corse entire remains !

Now, stain'd with slaughter, Godfrey bent his course  
To where the valiant Altamorus' force 306  
His squadrons pierc'd, that fled with tim'rous haste,  
Like Afric sands before the southern blast.  
Loud to his troops th'indignant hero cry'd,  
Stay'd those that fled, and him that chac'd defy'd.

Between these mighty chiefs a fight ensu'd 311  
More dire than Ida or Scamander view'd.  
Meanwhile, betwixt the foot the battle bled ;  
Those Baldwin rul'd, and these Mulasses led.  
Nor less in other parts the conflict rag'd, 315  
Where next the mountain, horse with horse engag'd.

There Emirenes dealing fate was found ;  
 There fought the two \* in fields of death renown'd.  
 Two Roberts there the Pagan force defy'd :  
 With Emirenes one the combat try'd, 320 }  
 While conquest yet declar'd on neither side.  
 But one, with armour pierc'd and helmet hew'd,  
 In harder conflict with Adrastus stood.  
 Still Tisaphernes finds no equal foe  
 To mate his strength, and measure blow for blow ;  
 But rushes where he sees the thickest train, 326  
 And with a mingl'd carnage heaps the plain.

Thus far'd the war ; while neither part prevails,  
 And hope and fear are pois'd in equal scales.  
 O'erspread with shatter'd arms the ground appears,  
 With broken bucklers, and with shiver'd spears. 331  
 Here swords are stuck in hapless warriors kill'd,  
 And useless, there are scatter'd o'er the field.  
 Here, on their face, the breathless bodies lie ;  
 There turn their ghastly features to the sky ! 335  
 Beside his lord the courser press'd the plain ;  
 Beside his slaughter'd friend the friend is slain.  
 Foe near to foe ; and on the vanquish'd spread  
 The victor lies ; the living on the dead !  
 An undistinguish'd din is heard around, 340  
 Mix'd is the murmur, and confus'd the sound :  
 The threats of anger, and the soldier's cry ;  
 The groans of those that fall, and those that die !  
 The splendid arms that shone so gay before,  
 Now, sudden chang'd, delight the eyes no more. 345

ADRASTUS AND TISAPHERNES.

The steel has lost its gleam, the gold its blaze ;  
No more the vary'd colours blend their rays.  
Torn from the crest the sully'd plumes are lost,  
And dust and blood deform the pomp of either host !  
Now, on the left, with Ethiopia's train, 350  
The Moors and Arabs wheel around the plain.  
The slingers next, and archers from afar,  
Pour'd on the Franks a thick and missile war :  
When, lo ! Rinaldo, with his squadron came,  
Dire as an earthquake, swift as lightning's flame ! 355  
From Meroe, first of Ethiopia's bands,  
Full in his passage Assimirus stands.  
Rinaldo reach'd him, where the sable head  
Join'd to the neck, and mix'd him with the dead.  
Soon as his sword the taste of blood confest, 360  
New ardor kindl'd in the hero's breast.  
Thro' all the throng the dreadful victor storm'd,  
And deeds, transcending human faith, perform'd.  
As when th'envenom'd serpent shoots along,  
Furious he seems to dart a triple tongue ; 365  
At once the chief appears three swords to wield,  
And hurl a threefold vengeance round the field.  
The swarthy kings, the Lybian tyrants die ;  
Drench'd in each other's blood, confus'd, they lie.  
Fierce with the rest his following friends engage :  
His great example animates their rage. 371  
Without defence th'astonish'd vulgar fall ;  
One universal ruin levels all !  
'Twas war no more, but carnage thro' the field ;  
Those lift the sword, and these their bosoms yield.

No longer now the Pagans sink, oppress 376  
With wounds before, all honest on the breast ;  
Lost are their ranks, they fly with headlong fear,  
And pale confusion trembles in their rear.  
Behind, Rinaldo pours along the plain, 380  
And breaks and scatters wide the tim'rous train.  
At length his gen'rous arm from slaughter ceas'd,  
And 'gainst a flying foe his wrath decreas'd.  
So when high hills or tufted woods oppose,  
With double force the wind indignant blows ; 385  
No more oppos'd, no more its rage prevails,  
But o'er the lawn it breathes in gentle gales.  
So midst the rocks the sea resounding raves,  
But, unconfin'd, more calmly rolls its waves.  
Next on the foot the warrior bent his force, 390  
Where late the Afric and Arabian horse  
The squadrons flank'd ; but now dispers'd around,  
They take their flight, or gasp upon the ground.  
Swift on th'unguarded files Rinaldo flew ;  
As swift behind his brave compeers pursue : 395  
Spears, darts, and swords in vain his might withstand ;  
Whole legions fall beneath his dreadful hand !  
Not with such rage a bursting tempest borne,  
Sweeps o'er the field, and mows the golden corn.  
The streaming blood in purple torrents swell'd ! 400  
And arms and mangl'd limbs the earth conceal'd.  
There, uncontroul'd, the foaming coursers tread,  
Bound o'er the plain, and trample on the dead !  
Now came Rinaldo where, with martial air,  
Appear'd Armida in her glitt'ring car. 405

A train of lovers near her person wait,  
A glorious guard, the nobles of the state !  
She sees ! she knows !—conflicting passions rise,  
Desire and anger tremble in her eyes.  
A transient blush the hero's visage burns ; 410  
But heat and cold possess her heart by turns.  
The knight, declining from the car, withdrew,  
Not unregarded by the rival-crew ;  
Those lift the sword, and these the lance pretend ;  
E'en she prepares her threat'ning bow to bend. 415  
She fits the shaft, disdain her thoughts impell'd,  
But love a while the purpos'd stroke withheld.  
Thrice in her hand the missile reed she tries ;  
And thrice her falt'ring hand its strength denies.  
At length her wrath prevails, she twangs the string,  
And sends the whizzing arrow on the wing : 420  
Swift flies the shaft—as swiftly flies her pray'r  
That all its fury may be spent in air !  
She hopes, she fears, she follows with her eye,  
And marks the weapon as it cuts the sky. 425  
The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,  
Against the warrior's stubborn cors'let came.  
Harmless it fell ; as the hero turn'd :  
She deem'd her pow'r despis'd, her anger scorn'd.  
Again she bent her bow, but fail'd to wound, 430  
While love, with surer darts, her bosom found.  
And is he then impervious to the steel !  
And fears he not (she cry'd) the stroke to feel ?  
Does tenfold adamant his limbs invest,  
That adamant which guards his ruthless breast 435

So well secur'd, that safely he defies  
 The sword of battle, or the fair one's eyes?  
 What further arts for wretched me remain?—  
 Attempt no more, for ev'ry art is vain!  
 Arm'd or disarm'd, an equal fate I know : 440  
 Alike contemn'd, a lover or a foe!  
 Where now, alas! is ev'ry former boast?—  
 Behold my warriors faint! my hopes are lost!  
 Against his valour ev'ry strength must fail;  
 Nor courage can withstand, nor arms avail! 445

While thus she thought, her champions round she view'  
 O'erthrown, or ta'en, or welt'ring in their blood.  
 What should she do?—alone, unhelp'd, remain?  
 Already now she dreads the victor's chain;  
 Nor dares (the bow and jav'lin at her side) 450  
 In Pallas' or Diana's arms confide.

As when the fearful cygnet sees on high  
 The strong-pounc'd eagle stooping from the sky,  
 Trembling, she cowers beneath th'impending fate;  
 So seem'd Armida, such her dang'rous state. 455

But Altamorus, who from shameful flight  
 Still held the Persians, and maintain'd the fight,  
 Her peril view'd, and, careless of his fame,  
 His troops forsook, and to her rescue came.  
 With rapid sword he breaks amid the war, 460  
 And wheels around her, and defends the car:  
 While dire destruction rages through his bands,  
 O'erthrown by Godfrey and Rinaldo's hands.  
 This sees th'unhappy prince, but sees in vain:  
 Armida succour'd, now he turns again; 465  
 But flew, too late, to assist his routed train!

There all was lost ; a gen'ral panic spread ;  
Dispers'd, around the broken Persians fled.  
In other parts the fainting Christians yield ;  
Two Roberts there in vain direct the field : 470  
One scarce escap'd with life ; his wounded breast  
And bleeding front the hostile steel confest ;  
While fierce Adrastus one his pris'ner made :  
Thus equal chance the dubious battle sway'd.

But Godfrey now, his hardy warriors warm'd, 475  
Again to fight his ready bands he form'd ;  
Then bravely on the victor-forces flew :  
They join, they thicken, and the war renew.  
Each side appears distain'd with adverse gore ;  
Each side the glorious signs of triumph bore. 480  
Conquest and fame on either part are seen,  
And Mars and Fortune doubtful stand between.

While thus the combat rages on the plain  
Betwixt the Christian and the Pagan train,  
High on the tow'r the haughty Soldan stood ; 485  
From whence, intent, the distant strife he view'd.  
Struck with the sight, his breast with envy swell'd ;  
He burn'd to mingle in the fatal field.

All arm'd besides, he snatch'd with eager haste,  
And on his head his radiant helmet plac'd. 490

Rise ! rise ! (he said) no longer slothful lie—  
Behold the time to conquer or to die !

Then, whether Heav'n's high providence inspir'd  
His daring purpose, and his fury fir'd,  
That thus at once the Pagan reign might end, 495  
And all its glories on that day descend ;



Or whether, conscious of his death to come;  
He felt an impulse now to meet his doom,  
Sudden he bade the sounding gates unbar,  
And issu'd forth with unexpected war; 500  
Nor waits his following band, but singly goes;  
Himself alone defies a thousand foes.

But soon the rest his martial rage partook,  
E'en aged Aladine the fort forsook;  
The base, the cautious catch at once the fires; 505  
Not hope excites them, but despair inspires.

The first the Turk before his passage found,  
His valour tumbl'd breathless to the ground.  
So swift he thunder'd on the faithful train,  
That ere they view th'assault, their friends are slain.  
First of the Christians, struck with panic fear, 511  
The trembling Syrians for their flight prepare.

But still unrouted stood the Gascon band,  
Tho' nearer these the Soldan's rage sustain'd,  
And fell in heaps beneath his slaught'ring hand. }  
Not with such wrath the savage beast indu'd, 516  
Leaps o'er the fold, and dyes the ground with blood:  
Not with such fury, thro' th'ethereal space,  
Voracious vultures rend the feather'd race.

Thro' plated steel his strength resistless drives, 520  
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors lives!  
With Aladine the Pagans quit the tow'r,  
And furious on their late besiegers pour.

But Raymond now advanc'd with fearless haste,  
And saw where Solyman his squadron press'd; 525

Nor yet the hoary chief his steps forbore,  
Nor shunn'd that arm whose force he felt before.  
Again to combat he defies the foe,  
Again his front receives a dreadful blow :  
Again he falls ; in vain declining age, 530  
With strength unequal, would such pow'r engage.  
Behold a hundred swords and shields display'd ;  
And these defend the knight, and those invade.  
But thence with speed th'impetuous Soldan flies  
(He deems him slain, or deems an easy prize); 535  
Descending, o'er the ruin'd works he goes  
To distant plains, where fiercer battle glows ;  
Far other scenes his barb'rous rage demands ;  
Far other deaths must glut his cruel hands t  
Meanwhile around the late beleaguer'd tow'r, 540  
New vigour still inspir'd the Pagan pow'r ;  
The warmth their leader breath'd they still retain ;  
And with the Christians still their fears remain.  
Those seek to finish what their chief begun ;  
And these, retreating, seem the fight to shun. 545  
In due array the hardy Gascons yield ;  
The Syrians wide are scatter'd o'er the field.  
The tumult thickens near where Tancred lies ;  
He hears the din of arms, the soldier's cries :  
Strait from the couch his wounded limbs he rears,  
And lo ! at once the mingl'd scene appears ! 550  
He sees on earth th'ill-fated Raymond laid,  
Some slowly yield, and some in flight survey'd.  
That courage true to ev'ry noble breast,  
Nor lost by weakness, nor by pain suppress, 555

Now swell'd the hero's soul ; he grasp'd his shield,  
Nor seem'd too faint the pond'rous orb to wield ;  
His right hand held unsheath'd his glitt'ring blade,  
Nor other arms he sought, nor more delay'd ;  
But issuing thus,—O ! whither would you fly, 560  
And leave your lord neglected here to die !  
Shall then these Pagans rend his arms away,  
And in their fanes suspend the glorious prey ?  
Go—seek your country—to his son reveal

That, where you fled, his noble father fell ! 565

He said ; and durst against a thousand foes  
His breast, still feeble with his wounds, oppose ;  
While with his ample shield (a fencing shade,  
With sev'n tough hides and plates of steel o'erlaid)  
He kept the hoary Raymond safe from harms, 570  
From swords, and darts, and all the missile arms.  
He whirls his falchion with resistless sway ;  
The foes repuls'd, forego their wish'd-for prey.  
But soon the venerable hero rose,

His face with shame, his heart with anger glows ; 575  
In vain he seeks the chief by whom he fell,  
Then 'gainst the vulgar turns his vengeful steel.

The Gascons, rally'd, soon the fight renew,  
And straight their gallant leader's steps pursue :  
Now fears the troop that danger late disdain'd, 580  
And courage now succeeds where terror reign'd.

They chace that yielded, those that chac'd give way :  
So chang'd at once the fortune of the day !  
While Raymond rag'd with unresisted hand,  
And sought the noblest of the hostile band ; 585

The realm's usurper, Aladine, he view'd,  
Who 'midst the thickest press the fight pursu'd :  
He saw, and 'gainst him rais'd his fatal steel :  
Cleft thro' the head the dying monarch fell ;  
Prone on his kingdom's soil resign'd his breath, 590  
And, groaning, bit the bloody dust in death.  
Now various passions move the Pagan foes :  
Some 'gainst the spear their desp'rate breasts oppose ;  
While some, with terror seiz'd, the fight forsake,  
And in the fort their second refuge take : 595  
But ent'ring, mix'd with these, the victor-train  
At once the conquest of the fortress gain.  
Now all is one—in vain the Pagans fly ;  
Within they fall, or at the portal die.  
Sage Raymond then ascends the lofty tow'r, 600  
The mighty standard in his hand he bore ;  
There full in view, to either host display'd,  
The Cross triumphant to the winds he spread ;  
Unseen of Solyman, who thence afar,  
Impatient flew to mingle in the war : 605  
And now he reach'd the fatal sanguine field,  
Where more and more the purple torrent swell'd.  
There death appear'd to hold his horrid reign,  
There raise his trophies on the dreadful plain.  
The Soldan seiz'd a steed, the combat sought, 610  
And sudden to the fainting Pagans brought  
A short but glorious aid. So lightning flies,  
And unexpected falls, and instant dies ;  
But leaves in rifted rocks, with furious force,  
The tokens of its momentary course. 615

A hundred warriors, great in arms, he slew ;  
Yet from oblivion fame has snatch'd but two.  
O Edward and Gildippe! faithful pair!  
Your hapless fate, your matchless deeds in war,  
(If equal praise my Tuscan muse can give) 620  
Consign'd to distant times shall ever live!  
Some pitying lover, when the tale he hears,  
Shall grace your fortune and my verse with tears.

Th'intrepid heroine spurr'd her steed, and flew  
To where the raging Turk the troops o'erthrew. 625  
Two mighty strokes her valiant arm impell'd ;  
One reach'd his side, one pierc'd his plated shield.  
The furious chief her well-known vest descry'd :  
Behold the strumpet with her mate (he cry'd) !  
Hence to thy female tasks ; the distaff wield, 630  
Nor dare with spear and sword to brave the field.

He said, and dreadful as the words he spoke,  
His thund'ring weapon thro' her cors'let broke ;  
Deep in her breast the ruthless falchion drove,  
Her gentle breast, the seat of truth and love ! 635  
Her languid hand foregoes the useless rein ;  
Approaching death creeps cold in ev'ry vein.  
To save his wife unhappy Edward flies !  
Too late he comes—his lov'd Gildippe dies !  
What should he do?—distracting thoughts prevail ;  
Pity and wrath at once his heart assail : 640  
That bids his arm a kind support bestow ;  
This prompts his vengeance on the barb'rous foe.  
While with his left he seeks to hold the fair,  
His better hand provokes th' unequal war : 645

But vain his efforts to support his bride,  
Or reach the murd'rous chief by whom she dy'd.  
The sword the Pagan thro' his arm impell'd  
That with a fruitless grasp his consort held.  
As when an axe the stately helm invades, 650  
Or storms uproot it from its native shades,  
It falls ; and with it falls the mantling vine,  
Whose curling folds its ample waist entwine,  
So Edward sunk beneath the Pagan steel ;  
So, with her Edward, fair Gildippe fell. 655  
They strive to speak, their words are lost in sighs,  
And on their lips th'imperfect accent dies.  
Each other still with mournful looks they view,  
And, close embracing, take the last adieu,  
Till, losing both the cheerful beams of light, 660  
Their gentle souls together take their flight.

Soon spreading Fame the dire event declares,  
And soon the tidings to Rinaldo bears :  
Compassion, grief, and wrath, at once conspire,  
And all his gen'rous thoughts to vengeance fire : 665  
But first Adrastus, in the Soldan's sight,  
His passage cross'd, and dar'd him to the fight.

Then thus the king :—By ev'ry sign display'd,  
Thou sure art he for whom my search is made.  
Each buckler have I long explor'd in vain, 670  
And oft have call'd thee thro' th'embattl'd plain.  
Now shall my former vows be fully paid,  
And justice sated with thy forfeit head.  
Come, let us here our mutual valour show ;  
Armida's champion I, and thou her foe ! 675

Boastful he spoke; then whirl'd his flashing steel;  
Swift on the Christian's head the tempest fell  
In vain: the temper'd casque the force withstood;  
But oft the warrior in the saddle bow'd.

Rinaldo's falchion then Adrastus found, 680  
And in his side impress'd a mortal wound.  
Prone falls the giant-king, no more a name!  
One fatal blow concludes his life and fame!

With horror seiz'd the gazing Pagans stood,  
While fear and wonder froze their curdling blood. 685  
E'en Solyman surpriz'd the stroke beheld;  
His alter'd looks his troubl'd thoughts reveal'd:  
He sees his doom, and (wond'rous to relate!)  
Suspended stands to meet approaching fate.

But Heav'n's high will, for ever uncontroul'd, 690  
Unnerves the mighty, and confounds the bold!

As oft the sick in dreams attempt to fly,  
What time the fainting limbs their speed deny;  
In vain their lips a vocal sound essay,

Nor cries nor voice can find their wonted way, 695  
So strove the Soldan now th'assault to dare;

He rous'd his soul to meet the threaten'd war,  
In vain: no more the thirst of fame prevail'd;  
His spirits droop'd, his wonted vigour fail'd;

He scorn'd to yield or fly; yet, unresolv'd, 700  
A thousand thoughts his wav'ring mind revolv'd.

While thus he paus'd, the conqu'ring chief drew nigh,  
Furious he rush'd, tremendous to the eye!

He seem'd to move with more than mortal course,  
And look'd a match for more than mortal force. 705

The Pagan scarce resists, yet e'en in death  
Preserves his fame, and nobly yields his breath ;  
Nor shuns the sword, but, 'midst his ruin great,  
Without a groan receives the stroke of fate !  
Thus he who, when subdu'd by stronger foes, 710  
From ev'ry fall, like old Antæus rose  
With force renew'd, now reach'd his destin'd hour,  
And press'd at length the earth, to rise no more.

Then fame from man to man the tidings bears ;  
A doubtful face no longer fortune wears ; 715  
No longer then the war's events suspends,  
But joins the Christians, and their arms befriends.  
Soon from the fight recede the regal band,  
The pride, the strength of all the eastern land,  
Once call'd Immortal ; now the name is lost, 720  
And ruin triumphs o'er an empty boast !  
Th'astonish'd bearer with the standard fled ;  
Him Emirenes stopp'd, and sternly said,

Art thou not he, selected from the train,  
Our monarch's glorious banner to sustain ? 725  
Was it for this (O scandal to the brave !)  
That to thy hand th'important charge I gave ?  
And canst thou, Rimedon, thy chief survey,  
Yet basely leave him, and desert the day ?  
What dost thou seek ? thy safety ? Here it lies : 730  
With me return : death waits for him who flies.  
Here let him bravely fight who hopes to live ;  
Here honour's deeds alone can safety give.

He heard, and instant to the field return'd ;  
Disdain and shame his conscious bosom burn'd. 735



No less the rest th'intrepid chief retain'd ;  
These urg'd by threats, and those by force constrain'd.  
Who dares to fly from yonder swords (he cries)  
Who dares to tremble, by this weapon dies.  
Thus rang'd again, his routed files he view'd, 740  
The war rekindl'd, and his hopes renew'd ;  
While Tisaphernes, with resistless might,  
Maintain'd the combat, and forbade the flight.  
Brave deeds that day renown'd the warrior's hand ;  
His single force dispers'd the Norman band : 745  
By him were chac'd the Flemings from the plain,  
And Gernier, Gerrard, and Rogero slain.  
When acts like these had grac'd his last of days,  
And crown'd his short but glorious life with praise,  
As careless what succeeding fate might yield, 750  
He sought the greatest perils of the field :  
He saw Rinaldo ; well the youth he knew,  
Tho' all his arms were dy'd to sanguine hue.  
Lo ! there the terror of the plain (he cries)  
May Heav'n assist my daring enterprize ! 755  
So shall Armida her revenge obtain :  
O Macon ! let my sword this conquest gain,  
And his proud arms shall hang devoted in thy fane. }  
Thus pray'd the knight ; his words are lost in air ;  
No Macon hears his unavailing pray'r. 760  
As the bold lion, eager to engage,  
With lashing tail provokes his native rage,  
So fares the furious warrior ; love inspires,  
Swells all his soul, and rouzes all his fires.

He bears aloft his shield, he spurs his steed ; 765  
The Latian hero rush'd with equal speed.  
At once they meet ; at once, on either hand,  
In deep suspense the gazing armies stand.  
Such skill, such courage either champion shows,  
So swift their weapons, and so fierce their blows ;  
Each side a while forget their wonted rage, 771  
And drop their arms to see the chiefs engage.  
In vain the Pagan strikes ; secur'd from harms,  
The Christian combats in ethereal arms ;  
From him more fatal ev'ry stroke descends ; 775  
The foe from wounds no temper'd steel defends ;  
His shield is rent away, his helm is hew'd,  
And the plain blushes with a stream of blood.

The fair enchantress, who the fight survey'd,  
Beheld how fast her champion's strength decay'd.  
She saw the rest a pale and heartless train, 781  
That scarce from flight their trembling feet restrain ;  
Till she who late such guards around her view'd,  
Alone, forsaken, in her chariot stood :  
She loaths the light, and servitude she fears ; 785  
Of conquest or revenge alike despairs.  
Then leaping from her car in pale affright,  
She mounts a steed, and takes her speedy flight.  
But like two hounds that snuff the tainted dew,  
Anger and love her parting steps pursue. 790  
When Cleopatra, by her fears betray'd,  
Of old from Actium's fatal conflict fled,  
And left, to Cæsar's happier arms expos'd,  
Her \* Roman lord with perils round enclos'd,

\* MARC ANTONY.

He soon, forgetful of his former fame, 795  
Spread ev'ry sail to join the flying dame :  
So Tisaphernes (but his foe withstood)  
Had from the field Armida's flight pursu'd :  
His fair one vanish'd from his longing eyes,  
The sun seem'd blotted from the cheerful skies : 800  
Fierce at Rinaldo then, in wild despair,  
He rais'd aloft his vengeful blade in air.  
Not with such weight, to frame the forky brand,  
The pond'rous hammer falls from Brontes' hand.  
Full on his front the thund'ring stroke he sent : 805  
Beneath the force the stagg'ring warrior bent ;  
But soon recov'ring, whirl'd his beaming sword :  
The thirsty point the Pagan's bosom gor'd ;  
A furious passage thro' his cuirass made,  
Till at his back appear'd the reeking blade : 810  
The steel, drawn forth, a double vent supply'd ;  
The soul came floating in a purple tide.  
Rinaldo pausing, cast around his view,  
To mark what friends to aid, what foes pursue.  
Wide o'er the field he sees the Pagans fly ; 815  
On earth their broken arms and ensigns lie.  
And now his thoughts recall th'unhappy fair,  
Who furious fled, abandon'd to despair.  
Her woeful state might well his pity claim,  
Her love neglected, and her ruin'd fame ! 820  
For still in mind his tender'd faith he bore,  
Her champion plighted when he left her shore.  
Then, where her rapid courser's track he view'd,  
Th'impatient knight the flying dame pursu'd.

Meanwhile Armida chanc'd a vale to find 825  
That seem'd for dire despair and death design'd :  
Well-pleas'd herself, she saw by fate convey'd  
To end her woes in such a grateful shade.  
There, 'lighting from her steed, she laid aside  
Her bow, her quiver, all her martial pride. 830  
Unfaithful arms ! (she cries) essay'd in vain,  
Return'd unbath'd from such a sanguine plain ;  
Here bury'd lie, and prove the field no more,  
Since you so ill aveng'd the wrongs I bore.  
If vainly thus at other hearts you fly, 835  
Dare you a female's tender bosom try ?  
Here—enter mine, that naked meets the blow ;  
Here raise your trophies, here your triumphs show !  
Love knows how well this breast admits the dart ;  
Love that so deep has pierc'd my tender heart ! 840  
Unblest Armida ! what is now thy fate,  
When this alone can cure thy wretched state ?  
The weapon's point must heal the wound of love,  
And friendly death my heart's physician prove.  
Fond love, farewell !—but come, thou fell disdain !  
For ever partner with my ghost remain ; 846  
Together let us rise from realms below,  
To haunt th'ungrateful author of my woe ;  
To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,  
And fill with horror ev'ry sleepless night ! 850  
She ceas'd ; and, fix'd her mournful life to close,  
The sharpest arrow from her quiver chose ;  
When lo ! Rinaldo came, and saw the fair  
So near the dreadful period of despair,

Already now her frantic hand she rear'd, 855  
And death already in her looks appear'd.  
He rush'd behind her, and restrain'd the dart;  
The fatal point just bent against her heart.

Armida turn'd, and strait the knight beheld,  
(Unheard he came, and sudden stood reveal'd) 860  
Surpriz'd she sees, and, shrieking with affright,  
From his lov'd face averts her angry sight.  
She faints! she sinks! as falls a tender flow'r,  
Whose feeble stem supports the head no more:  
His arms he threw around her lovely waist, 865  
Her weight supported, and her zone unbrac'd:  
While, gently bending o'er the fair distrest,  
His sorrows bath'd her face and tender breast.  
As wet with pearly drops of morning dews  
The drooping rose her wonted grace renews, 870  
So she, recov'ring soon, her visage rears,  
All moist and trickling with her lover's tears.  
And thrice she rais'd her eyes the youth to view,  
Thrice from his face her sight averse withdrew.  
Oft from the strict embrace in vain she strove, 875  
With languid hand, his stronger arm to move:  
The pitying warrior still his grasp retain'd,  
And closer to his breast the damsel strain'd.  
At length, as thus in dear restraint she lay,  
Her words with gushing torrents found their way:  
Yet still on earth she bent her stedfast look, 881  
Nor dar'd to meet his glance, while thus she spoke:—  
O cruel! when thou left'st me first to mourn!  
And O! as cruel now in thy return!

Why wouldst thou then thy fruitless cares employ  
To save a life thy perjuries destroy ? 886

Say, to what future wrongs, what future shame,  
What woes unknown is doom'd Armida's name ?

Full well thy wily purpose I descry —

But she can little dare, who dares not die. 890

One triumph still to grace thy pomp remains ;

A hapless princess bound in captive chains ;

At first betray'd, then made, by force, thy prize !

From acts like these thy mighty glories rise !

Once life and happiness 'twas thine to give ; 895

Now death alone my suff'rings can relieve !

But not from thee this blessing I demand ;

All gifts are hateful from Rinaldo's hand !

Yet, cruel as thou art, myself can find

Some friendly way t'elude the ill's design'd. 900

If to a helpless wretch in bondage ty'd,

Are pois'nous drugs and piercing steel deny'd,

Yet (thanks to Heav'n !) a path remains to death ;

Thou shalt not long detain this hated breath :

Cease then thy soothing arts, thy feints give o'er, 905

And move my soul with flatt'ring hopes no more.

Thus mournful she ; while love and anger drew  
Fast from her beauteous eyes the briny dew.

He, touch'd with pity, melts with equal woe,

'And, mix'd with hers, his kindly sorrows flow. 910

At length, with tender words, he thus reply'd :—

Armida, lay thy doubts, thy fears aside :

Live — not to suffer shame, to empire live ;

In me thy champion, not thy foe, receive.

Behold these eyes, if still thou doubt'st my zeal, 915  
Let these, the truth of what I speak, reveal.

I swear to place thee on thy regal throne,  
The seat of splendor, where thy fathers shone.  
O! would to Heav'n the rays of truth as well  
Might from thy mind the Pagan mist dispel 920  
As I shall raise thee to so high a state!  
No eastern dame shall match thy glorious fate.

He spoke; and speaking, sought her breast to move  
With sighs and tears, the eloquence of love!  
Till, like the melting flakes of mountain snow, 925  
Where shines the sun, or tepid breezes blow,  
Her anger, late so fierce, dissolves away,  
And gentle passions bear a milder sway.

Ah me! I yield! (the soften'd fair replies)  
Still on thy faith my easy heart relies! 930  
'Tis thine at will to guide my future way,  
And, what thou bid'st, Armida must obey!

Thus they. Meanwhile th'Egyptian chief beheld  
His regal standard cast upon the field,  
And Rimedon, all breathless, press the plain, 935  
By one fierce stroke from mighty Godfrey slain.  
Or kill'd, or routed, all his troops appear,  
Yet, to the last, he scorns ignoble fear,  
And seeks, what now his hopes alone demand,  
A death illustrious from a noble hand. 940

He spurs his steed, and swift on Godfrey flies;  
No greater foe amid the plain he 'spies:  
Fierce as he thunders thro' the ranks of war,  
He shews the last brave tokens of despair:

Then to the chief he rais'd his voice on high : 945

I come, by thee, in glorious strife to die !

'Tis death I seek : but ere I yield to fate,

I trust to crush thee with my sinking weight !

Thus he. At once they rush to meet the fight :

At once, on either side, their swords alight. 950

The Pagan's steel the Christian's buckler cleaves ;

His hand, disarm'd, the sudden wound receives.

From Godfrey next descends a mightier blow,

Full on the cheek of his unwary foe :

Half back he fell, and while to rise he strove, 955

Deep in his groin the Frank his falchion drove.

Now Emirenes dead, but few remain

Of all the numbers of th'Egyptian train :

While Godfrey these from place to place pursu'd,

Brave Altamorus on the field he view'd, 960

Who 'midst his foes th'unequal fight maintain'd

Alone, on foot, with hostile blood distain'd.

With broken sword and shield the king appears,

And close surrounded with an hundred spears.

Then to his warriors pious Godfrey cry'd, 965

Forbear, my friends, and lay your arms aside :

And thou, O chief ! no more contest the field ;

Forego thy weapons, and to Godfrey yield.

He said ; and he who, till that fatal hour,

Ne'er bow'd his lofty soul to human pow'r, 970

Soon as the great, the glorious name he heard

(A sound from Lybia to the pole rever'd)

At once resign'd his sword to Godfrey's hands.

I yield ! (he cry'd) nor less thy worth demands.



Thy triumph gain'd o'er Altamorus' name, 975  
Is crown'd no less with riches than with fame.  
My kingdom with its gold, my pious wife  
With jewels, shall redeem my forfeit life.

Heav'n has not giv'n me (thus the chief replies)  
A mind to covet gold, or jewels prize : 980  
Still keep whate'er is thine from India's shore,  
And still in peace enjoy thy Persian store :  
No price for life, no ransom I demand ;  
I war, but traffic not in Asia's land.

He ceas'd ; and with his guards the monarch plac'd,  
Then from the field the scatter'd remnants chac'd.  
These to the trench in vain their flight pursue ;  
Insatiate death o'ertakes the trembling crew :  
Gigantic slaughter stalks on ev'ry side,  
And swells from tent to tent the dreadful tide : 990  
Helms, crests, and radiant shields are purpl'd o'er,  
And costly trappings drop with human gore !

Thus conquer'd Godfrey ; and as yet the day  
Gave from the western waves the parting ray,  
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode, 995  
The domes where CHRIST had made his blest abode :  
In sanguine vest, with all his princely train,  
The chief of chiefs then sought the sacred fane ;  
There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms display'd,  
And there to Heav'n his vow'd devotions paid. 1000

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